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## JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R. A., was born in Southampton, June 8, 1829. He belongs to an old and well-known family of the island of Jersey, and the most of his childhood was spent in the Channel Islands and in France. His taste for art, exhibited in early boyhood, was fostered by his parents, who, by the advice of Sir Martin Arthur Shee, sent him, when in his ninth year, to Sass's Art-School in Bloomsbury, to study drawing. In 1840 he entered the Royal Academy, where he distinguished himself in all the schools, winning the silver medal in each, and, in 1847, the gold medal for his historical composition, "The Tribe of Benjamin seizing the Daughters of Shiloh." This picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1848. His "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru" had obtained a place on the walls of the Academy two years previously, and, in 1847, his "Emissaries of Dunstan seizing Queen Elgiva." He contributed, also, in the last-named year, a large cartoon, fourteen feet by ten, entitled "The Widow's Mite," to the competitive exhibition in Westminster Hall.

While yet a student in the Academy, the peculiar ideas which afterward developed into a school of art agitated his mind. He tacitly rebelled against the teachings of his masters, and, toward the close of his course, united with several fellow-students in founding an association afterward known as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," whose mission was to forward their views of art. Among his asso-

ciates in this movement were William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, both of whom have since become prominent exponents of the peculiar theories of this school. Their avowed object was to restore to art the simplicity, truth, and earnestness, which char-

ure of "Isabella," from Keats's poem, his first practical illustration of his art-theory; and, at the same time, Hunt gave his ideas in the same style in his "Rienzi," and Rossetti in his "Girlhood of the Virgin." From the exhibition of these three pictures some writers

date, with good reason, the advent of pre-Raphaelitism, the influence of which has been so potent in the English art of the century.

The Brotherhood made an attempt to promulgate their views through the medium of the pen as well as the pencil, and in 1850 issued a periodical entitled *The Germ*; or, *Art and Poetry*; but it met with little success, and was discontinued after a few months.

In the exhibition of 1850, notwithstanding the ridicule of the critics, who showed a disposition to treat the efforts of the Brotherhood as a juvenile freak rather than as a serious attempt, Millais and his associates appeared with new evidences of their earnestness, and of their intention to prosecute vigorously the war which they had begun against what they denominated conventionalism in art. They proved, too, by an increase in their numbers, that the seed sown had taken root. A number of the younger artists, including Ford Maddox

Brown and Charles Collins, had accepted their views, and given their adherence to the movement, in spite of the sneers of the older painters, and the new school made something more than a respectable show in the exhibition. Hunt's picture, "A Converted



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British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids," and Millais's "Ferdinand lured by Ariel," showed unquestioned ability; and a second canvas, exhibited without a name, by the latter artist, commanded such universal attention as to elevate the school at once from the realm of ridicule to the domain of sober criticism.

This picture, which bore in the catalogue the text from Zechariah xlii. 6—"And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends"—represented the child Jesus in the workshop of Joseph the carpenter. It was executed in the most extravagant style of the new school, and was remarkable for its ingenious religious symbolism, and for the marvelous realism of its details, all the accessories, even to the material of the garments, and the shavings on the floor, being painted with a fidelity almost rivaling Nature.

The work excited much favorable as well as adverse criticism. Religious archaeologists were enthusiastic in its praise, regarding it as a forerunner of the return of art to the simplicity of Giotto, Perugino, and the other early Christian masters, while the critics saw in its realism only a fantastic treatment, in which the tools of the artist were the most prominent feature, and, in the method of handling a sacred subject, a repulsiveness which no ingenuity of execution, however meritorious, could pardon. Whatever were its good qualities or its faults, it certainly had one merit—it commanded attention, and brought its author prominently into notice; and, since that time, Mr. Millais has occupied an enviable rank among English artists.

In 1851 he exhibited three pictures in the Royal Academy, "Mariana in the Moated Grange," "The Woodman's Daughter," and "The Return of the Dove to the Ark." The last was similar in treatment to his Christ in the workshop, displaying the same curious symbolism, the same realistic rendering of details, and the same defiance of all the accepted rules of art; but it was less painful in its treatment of the subject. It was accepted by ecclesiologists as a further exemplification of the growth of a new school of religious art, while the critics, though forced into praise of its skillful manipulation, regarded it, like its predecessor, as an uncalled-for attempt to resuscitate a corrupt style which art had long outgrown.

Among the most prominent of the advocates of the new school was Mr. Ruskin, who entered enthusiastically upon its defense in a series of letters to the *Times*, in 1851, which was followed in 1852 by a pamphlet on pre-Raphaelitism. In the succeeding year, also, in his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," he indorsed the theories of the Brotherhood.

In 1852 Mr. Millais, as if in distrust of the success of his revival of mediæval symbolism, apparently abandoned his lofty aims in favor of lowlier themes, and devoted himself to the depiction of a tender sentimentality, without, however, abandoning any of his characteristic peculiarities. In "The Huguenots," a composition of two figures, and "Ophelia," his contributions of this year, his

admirers recognized a grace and beauty of design excelled only by the manipulative skill displayed in their execution; and, although the critics discovered an ignorance of anatomy in the drawing of the figures, too many suggestions of the brush in the painfully-labored details, and a general want of breadth in the treatment, the two pictures served to enhance materially the artist's reputation.

His contributions to the Academy in 1853 were "The Proscribed Royalist" and "The Order of Release," both two-figure compositions, like "The Huguenots," and both, like it, telling a story of sentiment, which needed no interpretation. They are remarkable for emphatic rendering of foreground details, and for textural elaboration of costume, and are so full of poetic feeling in their subject-treatment as to command the admiration of all not educated to the technicalities of art. "The Order of Release" is well known through the engraving of it. In this year (1853) Mr. Millais was elected an associate of the Royal Academy.

Among his works of 1854 was a portrait of Mr. Ruskin, who sustained him so vigorously with his pen. His "Ophelia," "Order of Release," and "Return of the Dove to the Ark," were exhibited in the Paris Exposition of 1855, and elicited much comment. Among others, Edmond About referred to Mr. Millais at this time as follows:

"I regret that M. Millais has devoted himself to reactionary painting. M. Millais designs divinely and colors skillfully. His pictures, executed with a conscience wholly English, reproduce not only the form and color of flesh, but even the texture of stuffs. The merchant who has sold the cloth will recognize the quality of its tissues; the sheep which has furnished the wool will know again its fleece. This merit would be a mediocre one if the finish of the details marred the general effect; but M. Millais expresses as well a sentiment as a pair of gaiters, and a passion as the sleeve of a coat. 'The Order of Release' is a *chef-d'œuvre*, despite the minute perfection of all its details. This pretty little 'Ophelia,' who drowns herself so unconsciously, is full of grace and *naïveté*; the very landscape which surrounds her is replete with melancholy sentiment, although the leaves of the trees can be counted. What shall we conclude from this? That M. Millais has infinite talent, since he can move and charm us, although depriving himself of all the means that modern art has discovered. He is the runner of a race who has put on leaden soles, yet who brings back, thus shod, the prize of the course. M. Millais will win a high position if he will consent to change his shoes."

In 1855 Mr. Millais produced, among other pictures, "The Rescue," representing a fireman rescuing children from a burning house, which, although noteworthy for its design and brilliancy of color, was severely criticised for its defective drawing, a demerit too often discoverable in the artist's most ambitious attempts.

The following year saw four of his pictures on the Academy's walls: "Autumn Leaves," a poetically suggestive work, representing a group of little children collecting

and burning leaves, painted in his tenderest style; "L'Enfant du Régiment," a wounded child asleep on a monument in a church, where he has been laid by a musketeer, who is engaged with his comrades in defending the building against assailants from without; "The Blind Girl," a well-executed picture, but disfigured by exaggerations and mannerisms; and "Peace concluded," in which his affectations and other peculiarities are so pronounced as to be almost painful. These were followed, in 1857, by "A Dream of the Past" and "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," the latter of which was unmercifully caricatured for faulty drawing; and, in 1858, by "The Escape of a Heretic." In 1859 he produced "The Vale of Rest," a dismal scene in a burial-ground, in which two nuns are digging a grave; "Spring Flowers," an orchard in blossom-time, with a bevy of romping girls; and "The Love of James I. of Scotland," in which the chief merit lies in the painting of the draperies.

Some of these were ambitious pictures on large canvases, but they met with so much rough usage from the critics that Mr. Millais has since discarded them in favor of the cabinet size of his more successful efforts. His "Black Brunswicker," exhibited in 1860, is one of the small sentimental subjects which have brought him his chief fame. An officer of the German Legion is about to take leave of a young lady, who interposes between him and the door, as if to prevent his going. The white satin of the lady's costume has been declared to be equal if not superior to Terburg's most skillful efforts.

Among Mr. Millais's later pictures are "My First Sermon" (1863), "My Second Sermon" and "Charley is my Darling" (1864), "Joan of Arc" and "The Romans leaving Britain" (1865), and "Sleeping," "Waking," and "Jephthah" (1867). To the Paris Exposition of 1867 he contributed "The Romans leaving Britain," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Satan sowing Tares." In December, 1863, he was elected a member of the Royal Academy.

Whatever may be the opinions respecting the merits of the school of art which Mr. Millais has been instrumental in founding, there can be but one opinion regarding his own success in his profession. Few artists have surpassed him in the subtle power of illustrating thought and sentiment through the medium of art. His temperament is intensely poetic, and many of his compositions are poems in themselves, not mere translations of the sentiments of another, but original poems, in which the feelings of the actors are as clearly defined as if they were expressed in words. In the technical details of art the critics have found him deficient, and with justice, for, although he exhibits the utmost ingenuity in the manipulation of details, and succeeds in producing startling effects in color, which catch the inexperienced eye, they are, after all, but tricks of execution, which will not bear analysis. His drawing is too often defective and exaggerated, and he wholly ignores atmospheric influence. But we will leave his faults to the critics; our province is to detail only his art-life.

Of late Mr. Millais has shown a disposition to discard some of his most pronounced man-

nerisms in favor of a purer style, which leads his many admirers to expect still greater triumphs from him; for, as M. About has suggested, if he can win the race when overweighted, what may we not look for if he enters the field on an equal footing with his competitors?

J. D. CHAMPLIN, Jr.

## THE MANX CAT.

(TOLD BY A COUNTRY DOCTOR IN NEW ENGLAND.)

IT is an old New-England superstition—old as the days of the great Salem sensation—but still prevalent in out-districts. The Egyptians have a fancy near akin to it; but then there is a grave difference between an Egyptian and a New-Englander, although both, no doubt, belong to the human race. At least, the ethnologists say so.

"Beware on 'em, Job," was my mother's last injunction to me years since, when the dew of life was on the grass, and the great, golden buttercups always nodded good-morning as I went by; and it was an injunction she always served on young married couples just beginning the world. I had just caught and caged my bird in sweet Molly Davis, who made green grass, and daisies, and violets, and June weather, wherever she went; and I was about to settle down as a country doctor. I am an old man now, and full of whims; but I never think of Molly in her blossom, as she was when I married her, without humming over and over to myself, and I have done it some days a hundred times:

"And her feet  
Had music sweet,  
And her voice was low,  
And she sent,  
As she went,  
Sunshine to and fro."

"Beware on 'em, Job," said my mother that dreamy September day when Molly and I parted from her to start in life all by ourselves—"and you, Molly, be sure you never leave the cat in the room with the baby. It's dangerous"—my mother always pronounced dangerous with the *a short*—"and I've heard of queer accidents happenin'. People have done it, and have come back to find the baby dead, and the cat purrin' away in the cradle, just as if it hadn't had any hand in't."

I pooh-poohed mildly. "Haven't you outlived that notion of the ancients, mother?" I had long since outlived the ancients; it's strange how modern people are when they are young. "It's the cat's way of expressing the music in its soul." There was music in every thing to me just then, with Molly blushing her rosiest, and life shading off into golden hazes on the horizon.

"I've heard of people dyin' of over-wisdom," rejoined my mother, sarcastically; "but"—and here she tapped her forehead with one withered finger—"it isn't a disorder you're subject to, Job. It never did run in your father's family, and you take after the Needhams."

Some further comments she added as to the vanity of book-learning in general, and that of Job Needham, M. D., in particular, concluding with an intimation to Molly that,

if she ever had occasion to marry again, which she didn't think she would, as the Needhams were long-livers, she could afford her some valuable hints as to the selection.

"And the first is, Molly, never marry a man with book-larin'. Book-larin' makes fools of people; and, if his own mother has to say it because nobody else ever will, Job was a sensible boy before he took to it. It wasn't my notion at all. His father would have it so, and I sha'n't ever take any more comfort in Job, with his Greek, and his Latin, and his ologies, and pollywogs, and his words of fifty syllables. Polly-syllables he calls 'em. It cost his poor father a mint o' money—did Job's education—but I shouldn't care about that if it hadn't made him all over again, so that he isn't Job Needham any more."

She spoke with an unwonted sadness in her grand gray eyes—a sadness that almost went into liquidation in tears; and, physician as I was, with a fresh diploma, I forgot my medical dignity, and tried to kiss her—and did.

"Pshaw! what a fool you are, Job, just like your father for all the world!" said the elder Mrs. Needham, with a *souppon* of contempt, wiping her face with the corner of her apron.

"But beware of cats, Molly," she went on, supplementing the protest with the old injunction; "they're strange" (*a short again*) "creatures; and, if any thing should happen, you'd never forgive yourself."

I remember the day so well, and the September haze on the woodlands, and the maples turning to cones of fire, and the old Needham house dozing in the sunshine, and my mother standing in the door and thinking tenderly, as I reminded her of father, of a grass-covered grave away beyond the woods. Thence I went forth to find the value of the *z* in my equation, the turns, and windings, and transpositions of which were then uncomprehended. It must have been an unsolvable quadratic, I think, with many surds and negatives, for its *z* still eludes my analysis, and the solution seems farther off than ever, after all these years; while I have waxed wrinkled and gray in long hunting for the unknown quantity. Molly is gray too, and the suggestion of daisies and violets no longer lingers about her, although the June weather is there still, and she is the same sweet, warm, placid soul, with haze enough for perspective, that she was then, and always has been, expecting no unknown quantity in this world, and content to wait for the *z* until it comes. They are few—these souls of sweetness and light—and how it rests a man to meet them!

I am Dr. Job Needham, at your service—fees reasonable. I have been announced to the world as Dr. Job Needham by the same little sign-board ever since I commenced business, and sign-board and doctor have wagged on together for a score and eighteen years, until there is a sort of sympathetic understanding between myself and the little parallelogram, with "Job Needham, M. D.," painted in dingy gold letters on a black ground, and bordered with a dingy gold border, that represents me. I am it trans-

muted into humanity, or it is I translated and written out on a bit of deal; and I have often fancied that the appearance of every new weather-crack foreshadows the coming of a new wrinkle in my face. I never walk into my office of a morning without nodding to it familiarly; nor ever lock the office-door of a night without muttering, half to it and half to myself, "Good-night, old friend; I shall find you here in the morning, I suppose;" and I half imagine it understands me, for it often creaks, as I talk to it, when there is no appreciable wind. It is a mere whim of mine, no doubt, but still I fancy sometimes that, if the rickety parallelogram should fall down of a night, or be torn away by the wind, somehow or other the twinge of it would wake me up, and that, should it suddenly disappear, I should never be myself again, and should move about in the world with a sense of having lost something. It will drop away some time, I suppose, and I shall drop away with it, and sign-board and physician will be gathered into the great waste-basket of the past, that contains many a sign-board and its physician; but, in the mean time, its decrepitude tallies with my decrepitude, and every spot where the paint is rubbed off, and every corner gone from one of the gilt letters, is in some dim sort of way a landmark of the old doctor's senescence.

It is all well enough with the old sign-board and the doctor in pleasant weather. But when the rain beats against it, and the rickety old parallelogram swings to and fro on its rusty hooks, and the wind is high, twinges of rheumatism in my old bones answer to every creaking, and come with every swing of the mute witness of my toiling for the undiscovered *z*. And it will be so to the end, I suppose, for I have strange moods when the old sign-board is in trouble. But if the wind should happen to tear it loose of a night, and whirl it away, what then? They might not find the old doctor dead in his bed the next morning, but he would never be himself again—at least, not with a new sign-board. But, then, the danger is not very imminent, for of late years I always stop to test the hinges of a night before I start for home.

I linger over these details because I have an odd dislike to tell the story. Molly and I are gray together, and three little graves call to Molly and me out of the night. I lie and listen to them often for hours together when the rain-drops tap against the pane like fingers, and they always say, "Papa! papa!" Then I turn over in the bed and answer, half drowsily, for they are perfectly real to me, "Lie still, little ones, papa'll come presently." And day after day I feel more and more like going.

Manx was a waif of a cat, and, as I had always been of a benevolent turn, I took him in. He came mewling at the door about ten o'clock one October night, a little over a year after Molly and I moved into the little one-story house a few rods from the office, for Molly would be near enough, so that she could bring me my dinner when I was in a hurry, as I always expected to be.

He was a large Manx cat, bony and angular, starved and frouzy, with a bob for a tail,



but very distinguished in his way, and was without friends or relatives in that part of the country. I say without friends or relatives, for, through all the leagues of travel incident to a country practice, traced over and over for years, I have never met with a cat of that particular species.

But I was of particularly benevolent disposition just then. The dear little Agnes had recently made her *début* as a member of the family, and I felt kindlier than usual toward all created things with the newness of the blessing. So, though his coming at that hour of the night was suspicious, and he had no references, his mewing moved me, as it would not have done six months before, with a kind of sense of the blessedness of home even to a cat, and I admitted him with the apologetic remark to Molly that there were a good many rats in the house, and that they kept me awake for hours, sometimes, with their goings on just overhead in the garret; an unnecessary fib to cover a benevolent transaction, for Molly, sweet soul, was as softened as I was with the coming of little Agnes, and would not have turned a dog out into the night, on that October evening, with Aggie sleeping placidly on her lap, and the firelight flickering cozily in our faces. It was a habit with Molly and me, after Aggie was born, to sit and talk low in the dark for an hour or so after I got home from the office, on the ground that the light hurt the baby's eyes. Days of sweet dream! And now moonlight with me is only another name for rheumatism.

I was declaring dividends of happiness every day in those days, and Manx came in for his percentage; and the outlandish apparition could purr in a manner indicative of the rapt poetic reverie of a cat properly appreciating its blessings. I have often observed him lie dreamily for hours, purring comfortably till the air was full of rhythmical vibrations, while his large, yellow, uncanny eyes stared me full in the face, and a kind of sleepiness came over me; then start suddenly, with a kind of nervous shock and shudder, and take a turn, or a few rapid turns, up and down the room, his eyes flaming in their sockets as I never saw eyes flame before—not even my mother's grand gray eyes when she was angry—and light radiating about him like a luminous aura. In these attacks he developed singular electrical properties, and seemed to live in an atmosphere of his own that oppressed Molly's sensitive nerves to terror, mingled with a tendency to torpor and sleepiness; and I have observed him in the dark, stealing about like an elongated ball of fire, possibly two feet through at its longest diameter, and a foot and a half at its shortest, with a lighted cat in the centre. One evening, as I especially recall, when Molly and I were sitting cozily by the firelight, Manx started up in one of his tantrums, made a couple of rapid turns about the room, then whirled, leaped the open grate, and vanished up the flue, whence he presently emerged a little singed and sooty, but as placid as he had been ten minutes previous. Molly was frightened, and insisted that he should be summarily dismissed from his post; but I had already begun to regard him as a curious subject for investigation, and he lived on, unknowing that the scissors

of Atropos were dally dawdling with his destiny. Unknowing, did I say? Of that I am not so certain; for from that evening he appeared to take a sudden dislike to Molly, and commenced following me like a dog to and from my office, where he would stay all day, seated on the dusty sofa, apparently in an attitude of observation, purring a little now and then, but generally too deeply interested in the composition of my prescriptions to trouble himself with musical performances. So went on the world for months with Manx and me, he doing double duty as cat and dog, having his singular attacks occasionally, and rushing round the room in a circle, and eating pickles, and drinking brandy-and-water with the appreciative sip of a professional expert.

I was often tempted to kill him, and often tempted to experiment with his peculiar electrical properties; but recollecting the tendency to sleepiness induced by coming within his atmosphere during the incubation of the attack, I dreaded to attempt an experiment alone in my office—and dreaded it the more the more I thought of it. And I tried the effect of sitting and looking fixedly into his great yellow eyes, the uncanny orbs never wincing for an instant, although the pupils appeared to dilate more and more as the test went on, until they were great magnetic balls, that caused me to shudder, and then grow so drowsy that I should have dropped to sleep had I not forced myself, with a strong effort of will, to get up and walk about. The spell broken, Manx started with a sudden spasm, rushed twice round the room like a mad creature, and curled himself down on the sofa, where he lay in a kind of coma for the rest of the afternoon; and it must have been about three o'clock when the experiment commenced.

After that I tried to poison Manx, but he seemed to know and avoid deadly drugs by instinct, however masked as tidbits; and finally I carried my revolver to the office, with the intention of shooting him in the course of the afternoon. But Manx kept away from the office for several days, until my terror wore off, and I carried the revolver back to the house; and the very next morning he came purring in as usual, and seated himself tantalizingly on the sofa. I offered him some brandy-and-water, and he sipped it like a gentleman at his club; then a pipe of Honradex, and he sat and puffed away with it like an old smoker.

"Curse the cat!" I hissed, under my breath. "He's either an Egyptian or a dev—" but something in the creature's eye stopped me on the very tip of the syllable, a sudden flame enveloped him, and he dashed thrice round the room, and shot through the window, taking a pane of glass with him. After this, he got better, and was not troubled with spasms for some months, until Molly and I, thinking he had recovered from his malady, began to be very fond of him, and Aggie tried to call him Manx, and only got so far as to call him Ma-a-a, with the a still flatter than my mother's a in dangerous.

Agnes was a little pearl of a baby, with all the sunshine of her mother, that made June weather wherever she went; and two years—

what with my toiling after the z of my life-equation, and my basking in the sunshine of June weather at the homestead—passed so rapidly that I scarcely counted their footsteps of days; two sweet, dreamy years, for our deepest heart-life is always dreamy and unreal, with a kind of mystery in it; two feather-footed years, with many a hard typhoid to battle with, and many a troublesome set of nerves to dose with asafetida; and little Sunbeam—that's what I called her—had learned to say papa, and the trundle-bed was brought into requisition, having long waited in the attic for a customer. It was a great day at the homestead when the trundle-bed went down, and Aggie toddled into it a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, with the idea that she was going to set up house-keeping for herself, and have Manx for huzzy—which, by-the-way, means husband, in the fairy-land where Molly and Aggie and I lived in those days. And Manx was as fascinated with the trundle-bed as she was, for had he not occupied it for two years up in the attic, and are the habits of a lifetime to be broken up in a day?

Lost little Sunbeam! On the fourth morning Molly lifted her from the trundle-bed with a grief that was heavier than a dozen little Agneses, and the sexton dug an everlasting trundle-bed for the little darling in the old graveyard under the hill!

I was never myself after that. I have been addicted to the whimsical ever since, and the z has wasted and wasted in value until it is nearly zero. For years my sleep was only drowse, and a voice calling "Papa! papa!" would wake me up night after night. Sometimes I would lie and listen until I drowsed again; sometimes I would get up and dress myself and walk out, the voice still calling to me out of the night, until I stood in the moonlight by little Sunbeam's grave, when the voice would stop calling, and it would be as if I waked up out of a dream, and was myself again.

Little Sunbeam was dead. The family consisted of Molly and myself and Manx, and the trundle-bed went up-garret again, to wait for another customer, and Manx was its only occupant. The world settled into its old way by-and-by; only I always went about with a strange sense of having lost something, and seemed to myself to be hunting to and fro for something I could not find; and Molly contracted a habit of going to the door and looking out every few minutes, then shutting the door softly and going back to her work.

Days were woven into months, and months were folded up in cuts of years and stored away in the great warehouse of the past—a vast receiving-tomb, never filled, but always in receipt of a cadaver, to be labeled and numbered and tucked away in some one of the innumerable pigeon-holes with which the warehouse abounds. There are coffins there, and dead loves, and ambitions that once were fierce, and souls that might have been beautiful, which steal out of the warehouse of a night and appear to their former possessors in dreams. There are dry old doctors, and many doctors' prescriptions to be shaken in the faces of those who wrote them at the day of reckoning, when doctors



will be answerable for their prescriptions. The old doctor, who is just ready for the warehouse, has a dozen or a hundred of them pigeon-holed in that same institution, whose clerk, they say, never forgets any thing, all registered and ticketed for the day of reckoning.

I beg pardon for dawdling over details, but I dislike to continue the story, with its episodes of nothing but sadness.

Months were folded into years, and at last little Willie came, and my sense of having lost something died out in playing with the baby, and the voice in my dreams stopped calling "Papa!" as regularly as it had before.

I meant that boy from the first for a doctor, by way of continuing the family hunt after the z, which I never seemed to find; and, as for Molly, the sunshine came into her face again, though there was always a sadness in her eyes; and she stopped going to the door and looking out—indeed, was her old self once more. I was still a little whimsical, and sometimes I could not help hearing little Sunbeam's voice calling "Papa! papa! papa!" over and over out of the night. Rain-drops, particularly, had a peculiar effect on me, and I would have strange fancies—

"When the wind and rain kept tapping the pane,  
With fitful fingers kept tapping the pane,  
Kept tapping again and again and again!"

as some dreamer of a poet, who has really listened to rain-drops, and caught their gusty rhythm, expresses their pattering against the window. Then I would think of a grass-grown grave out in the rain, and hear a baby-voice calling "Papa!" out there in the rain; and then I would fancy I heard baby-feet pattering on the door-stone, and get up and open the door, to find that there was nothing there. Ah me! the links that bind to the dead are often stronger than the links that bind to the living.

But little Willie talked precociously—promising in a doctor—and walked precociously—equally promising in a doctor. He was a boy before he got through being a baby; and again the old trundle-bed came down from the garret, and Manx was left to doze on the floor, the junior Needham, M. D., becoming its proprietor, with no proviso about taking Manx as a huzzy. Molly and I sat up all night the first night, but the little doctor slept soundly. The second night passed, and Dr. Needham, Jr., opened his great gray eyes in the morning (he had his grandmother's eyes exactly) and lustily demanded his breakfast. Once more the little medical manikin was put to bed at half-past seven in the trundle-bed; but the next morning the great gray eyes did not open, and their owner had no occasion for breakfast.

After that there were two little tombstones in the old graveyard under the hill, and two voices to call to me "Papa! papa!" two everlasting trundle-beds for me to visit in the moonlight. The old trundle-bed was carried up-garret again, whence I never expected it would come down. I tried to forget myself in my profession, and came to a sort of loving understanding with the old sign-board announcing me as Job Needham,

M. D., which, year in and year out, has waxed more and more confidential. But the two voices from the two little graves would not let me forget. There was no stillness in which they did not call "Papa! papa!" first one and then the other, and no bustle in which I did not always hear them; and Molly forgot, or seemed to forget, her own grief in her anxiety about what the neighbors called my *hypos*.

There is something in transmigration, after all, for the third baby was little Sunbeam over again, and reproduced her so vividly that I half forgot the sunbeam that had been in the Sunbeam that was; and one of the voices stopped calling from the graves as little Violet learned to lip her "papa."

So the day came for the trundle-bed to come down from the garret again; but Molly insisted upon having a new one, associating, with a mother's superstition, a fatality with the quaint old frame that had cradled generations of Needhams. Agnes and William had died in that trundle-bed, she said, and, if the baby must sleep in a trundle-bed, she would have a new one. It came home, was set up, and dedicated to little Violet (Molly would never allow me to call her Sunbeam). For three nights, alternating, Molly and I sat up, and little Violet opened her eyes on the fourth morning. The fatality-night was now passed, and Molly and I went about that day with a strange thankfulness in our hearts, and slumbered on the fourth night with a deep peace in slumber.

But the peace came never again. Little Violet was dead, and the fatality had not been in the trundle-bed. Externally, things settled into their old round, only there were three little graves in the graveyard: Agnes, aged two years; William, aged two years; Violet, aged two years—an awful monotony of that fated numeral; and there were three little voices to call "Papa! papa! papa!" first one, then the other, then the recent third. They did not think I heard them, perhaps; but I did, and used to keep answering even in the sick-room: "Lie still, little ones; papa'll be there presently." And, when I had answered, the voices would stop calling for a few minutes, as if they heard me, and were trying to wait patiently; but presently I would hear them commence calling again. The z was nothing to me now, and the unknown quantity not worth toiling after.

There is a transmigration of essences, I am sure, or else God made little Job to be Agnes and William, by way of compensation; for God works wonderful compensations in this world, if men had but the heart to understand them. I named him Job after myself, and somehow the name, ugly as it was, seemed to comfort both Molly and me—though still I would hear the three baby-voices calling from the three little trundle-beds the sexton had made in the graveyard. Manx—he was old Manx now—was still living, a sleepy old fellow, except in his moods, and still competent for a tablespoonful of brandy-and-water or a pipe of Honradex, to say nothing of a craving for pickles. But nobody suspected him now of being the devil, if he ever had been, although he was still a pillar of fire now and then in the dark.

In due season the trundle-bed came down from the dusty garret, where Molly had been in the habit of going every day to cry over it, and Job Needham, Jr., with many qualms and tremors, was installed proprietor. Four nights, alternating, Molly and I kept vigil, and Dr. Needham, Jr., opened his eyes in the morning, as if there had been no fatality in our family in third and fourth nights and trundle-beds. The last night happened to fall to my lot, and about midnight I drifted away into a half-doze, and was just listening to the three little voices from the graveyard, and was trying to make out which was which, when I was startled out of my drowse with a sudden shock, succeeded by a strange premonition of impending calamity. The candle was dozing dimly on the stand, and, as I bent to listen to little Job's breathing, I caught the gleam of two lurid eyeballs peering into the room from the cat-hole cut in the lower corner of the door. The room was not properly a bedroom. I started, and the eyeballs disappeared.

Then it was, in that terribly excited state of the nerves, that the idea took possession of me. Properly, I had inherited it as a dormant mania from my mother, who was half mad on the subject. A superstition, friend, is more than a mere imagining handed down from generation to generation; it is an hereditary taint of insanity—an inherited bent of the nervous system that stores up forces, and will have its way sometimes, however reason and culture may protest. The strange superstitions of barbaric races are bad physical conditions correlated as psychical results, or rather as fundamental bent of nervous organization, just as transmissible and nearly as ineradicable as the contour of a nose. It is folly, friend, to talk of eradicating superstition by mere intellectual culture; reform in physical conditions must precede, second, and conserve the intellectual element, or the latter is nearly nugatory. I make these remarks in explanation of my own case. I had had the intellectual culture without the physical, and, when the day came, the dormant mania asserted itself with an energy that my reason could no more control than it could control an attack of neuralgia.

I carried my revolver with me to the office the next morning, with the intention of shooting old Manx at the first opportunity. He did not come mewing at the office-door all that day, and I carried it back again at night. I called myself a fool about once in ten minutes, from seven o'clock in the morning until bedtime, and I called myself a fool particularly when I put my revolver in my pocket and carried it home again, with the intention of shooting old Manx if he but once during the night peered into our sleeping-room from that cat-hole. It was all folly to tell myself, as I did over and over again, that a cat's mouth was so formed anatomically that to suck the breath of a baby was physically impossible; nor was I at all satisfied after I had examined old Manx's mouth and ascertained that there was no malformation in his case. I pictured him, his face transformed into a hideous mask, and glued by clammy tentacles to that of little Sunbeam, of Willie,

of dead little Violet, of little Job, struggling with the agony of suffocation, but incapable of crying out. I saw him, and knew exactly how he did it. Friend, it is words wasted to demonstrate to a crazy man.

I smuggled half a grain of morphia into Molly's tea as she sipped her habitual cup before putting little Job to bed, and, notwithstanding her maternal solicitude, she dropped into a deep sleep. Then I shut myself into the closet, whose glass door commanded the cat-hole and the trundle-bed, revolver in hand, leaving the door a little ajar, so that I could slip out in my stocking-feet silently. The tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner of the room, that looked like a coffin set on end, struck nine just as the preparations were completed.

The clock, in its upright coffin in the corner, struck ten, wheezing and rattling between the strokes, as if there had been an old man in it; and, as I glanced at the dial, it was somehow in the candle-light like an old man's face, with figures and hands doing duty for wrinkled features. I grew weary with standing on one foot, and shifted to the other, while the methodical old brain in the top of the coffin measuredly ticked off the seconds.

The old clock in its upright coffin struck eleven. The minute-hand began its journey again, overtaking its lazy assistant at the twelve; and the two, shutting together like a pair of shears, sheared off a day, and I fancied I heard it drop into the waste-basket, while the old man wheezed and set up a kind of leathery laugh.

In other words, the tall old clock, that looked like a coffin set on end, struck twelve; and still I waited, half angry with myself, and calling myself a fool at intervals for having entertained the whim at all, particularly as it promised to keep me standing there all night, revolver in hand. What would Molly say, sweet soul, if she should happen to wake up and miss me?

I had listened to the tick-tack, tick-tack, of the old clock for fifteen minutes, perhaps, when I began to doze a little, wondering, after all, as I dozed, whether it was not the old man in the upright coffin in the corner who had slipped out of his receptacle during the night and smothered the babies in the trundle-bed. From this doze I started suddenly, with the same premonition that had broken in upon my drowse on the previous night, and saw the two marsh-light eyes of old Manx peering from the cat-hole into the room. Expectation on tiptoe, I stood still, holding my breath until the muffled thump of my heart drowned the ticking of the clock.

Manx crawled slowly into the room. I did not hear him, and I only saw him as a moving flame, with a lighted cat in the centre. He was ten minutes in creeping from the cat-hole to the trundle-bed, possibly six feet, so imperceptible was his progress.

I was so situated that my eyes commanded the trundle-bed as he crawled into it, with a movement so like that of a swaying and luminous mist that I only knew he was there by seeing him. A drowsy purr stirred the atmosphere of the room, and, by the flicker of the unsnuffed candle, I had just an instant to notice him lying exactly across the tiny

throat of little Job, his face bent forward, and laterally so as to rest purring upon the very face of Dr. Needham, Jr. Then a baby-moan interrupted my observation, and, I think, wakened me from a kind of torpor that was gradually steeping my senses.

With a sudden, silent movement, I had him by the neck, and dragged him from the trundle-bed. With a queer hiss, but no scream, and eyes like two livid balls, the creature turned and buried his claws in my arm, tearing the flesh as if it had been but paper. Maddened with the laceration and the savage struggles of the desperate animal, I walked deliberately to the door, opened it with the hand holding the revolver, passed into the adjoining room, put the muzzle of the pistol against his heart as near as I could under the circumstances, and pulled the trigger once, twice, thrice. It was dark, save that a little moonlight struggled through crevices in the curtains, and that Manx was a ball of flame enveloping my arm and hand, that died out as he ceased to struggle.

Lighting a lantern, I carried the body to the office, where I dressed my arm and renewed my linen. Molly slept through it all, and, when I returned, little Job, awakened by the *mélée* and the repeated reports, had cried himself to sleep again.

I am an old man now, and very nervous and whimsical. Job is studying for the profession, and will continue my hunt after the x. The old sign-board and I are waxing aged together, with a strange sympathy, daily strengthening, that binds the one to the other; and I often fancy, as I stand in the office-door of a sunny day, and listen to the three little graves calling "Papa!" that the weather-worn parallelogram takes the cue and puts on an expression of sadness in sympathy with its master. There are Agnes, Willie, and Violet, over again, younger than Job, and the grass is still rank on a little spot by the office-door where Manx lies buried. As nearly as I can trace his history in my mind, enlightened by later and more minute observation as to the physiology of cats, he was subject to attacks of epilepsy, and must have wandered far out of his native neighborhood, as no doubt Caspar Hauser did, during a larvated spasm of the disorder. His depraved tastes, his singular electrical properties, and the flame-like *aura* that enveloped him at times, were all *sequela* and exponents of his malady.

From the date of his last and severest spasm in my office, so far from really recovering, his fits were transformed, by one of those inexplicable turns incident to nervous affections, into larvated and nocturnal attacks, and Manx became a somnambulist. In these attacks habit directed him to the trundle-bed; but, whether the babies were actually smothered, or died of a process akin to that of mesmerism, in consequence of the peculiar electrical and nervous properties developed in the throes of the disorder, is a question I shall have to bequeath to Dr. Needham, Jr., who will no doubt solve the mystery of the universe one of these days—at least, he thinks so.

I did not like to begin, I dislike to conclude my story—it seems so like ending a

life. But it must be so, for I hear the voices calling from the old graveyard under the hill, "Papa! papa! papa!"—and one is little Agnes, and one Willie, and one Violet. It is the same always. The old doctor is never too busy by day, never too sound asleep at night, not to hear the three little voices calling from the three little trundle-beds under the grass. I hear them at this moment, and, begging your pardon, reader, for the interruption, I must stop just long enough to answer, "Lie still, little ones, papa'll be there presently."

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

## THE PRISONS OF LONDON.

### III.

#### THE HOUSES OF DETENTION AND CORRECTION.

BEFORE attempting a further description of the London prisons, it will be convenient here to consider for a moment the course which is adopted toward a person committing an offense in London which brings him within cognizance of the criminal law. In certain districts of the metropolis, and at the Guildhall and Mansion-House in the city, are what are termed "Police-Courts," presided over, in the first instance, by two stipendiary magistrates to each court, and in the latter by the lord-mayor and aldermen, sitting in rotation. These courts sit from day to day to hear and determine cases brought before them by the police. Before an offender can be tried at one of the superior criminal courts presided over by a judge—that is to say, the Central Criminal Court, Home Assizes, or Court of Quarter Sessions—he must be brought before one of the magistrates of these police-courts. A warrant for the apprehension of a supposed offender having been issued, and the offender having been arrested by the police, he is then lodged in one of the cells adjoining the court-house until his case comes on for hearing. The magistrate then hears and determines the charge against the prisoner and any defense he may set up; and, if it is considered that the case is *prima facie* made out against him, the magistrate may either remand his case for further evidence, or may inflict such punishment as is in his power—extending, we believe, to six months' imprisonment with hard labor—or, if the law requires or allows it, the magistrate can send the prisoner for trial to the superior criminal courts or next assizes, held twice or three times, or often, in the year.

In default of bail, in case of non-payment of a fine, or the want of proper sureties to keep the peace, the magistrate usually remands to a house of detention; for punishment, he in most cases formally commits the prisoner to a house of correction. The London houses of detention are Newgate, already disposed of, and Clerkenwell; the houses of correction are the City of London Prison at Holloway, Coldbath Fields Prison, Tophill Fields Prison for females, and Wandsworth House of Correction. We will consider the Clerkenwell Prison first, merely men-

tioning that persons on remand charged with the more serious offenses are sent to Newgate.

While it would seem to be almost a moral impossibility for any thing to be more admirable or perfect than the way in which the criminal prisons and convict establishments of London are maintained, both in regard to their internal economy, management, and discipline, and the means taken within them to reform convicted criminals, and for the repression of crime generally, there seems to be a very lamentable defect in the arrangements made for the custody of untried offenders. In Clerkenwell Prison, for instance, you may stumble across a man in a black frock-coat, and not far away from him, in the same corridor, sweeping up, a thief in the dull-gray serge suit of the convicted felon. The one by the law is held innocent, because he has not yet been proved before the courts to be guilty; the other, by the same law, and in the same manner, has been held to be guilty. It seems monstrous that the two should be in any way associated; it is bad enough that it should be found necessary to bring them together within the same prison. As for the existence of the present state of things in this respect at Newgate, it is a crying shame. We saw in one yard of that jail penal-servitude men of long sentence taking exercise, and over the wall, in the next yard, were untried men, in the presence of a prison-warden, and in the same monotonous, measured, and prison-like way, taking exercise also. Exercise, of course, is most necessary in prisons; but, if Newgate is not of sufficient capacity to provide for modern requirements in this respect, at least in a prison for untried offenders, it should be done away with. Unconvicted prisoners ought to suffer no more inconvenience than is necessary in order to insure the safe custody of their persons, and, especially, they should be kept from the prying eyes of visitors who are necessarily constantly in and out of these prisons of detention; and they should be utterly out of the way of criminals. In Wandsworth House of Correction the prisoners wear a sort of cloth mask which covers the eyes, nose, and upper part of the face, to prevent individual recognition, and, whatever may be thought of this practice of masking prisoners, it is surely better than permitting foul-mouthed Bill or garotte-loving Jack to be able on a future occasion to recognize in the public streets some unfortunate whom a momentary temptation or an absence of self-control has led into some trouble. We happened to be going over Clerkenwell Prison at visiting-time, and saw there unhappily two or three mothers, wives, or female relatives, of prisoners, most respectable-looking people, talking at the windows of the cells. Now it was wholly impossible to pass these people without their seeing us or our seeing them—a cruelty which might have been spared both visitors and visited. In one case, a head was moved abruptly to the right and then to the left, to ward off the shame of a possible recognition. The convict-prisons provide proper accommodation for the friends of convicts, why not Clerkenwell for the friends of the unconvicted? If it is necessary to have a warden present at

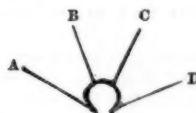
these interviews, let it be so; better that the secret should be held by one than the possible many.

In regard to its plan interiorly, Clerkenwell is much the same as all the London prisons. It contains four hundred and twenty-four cells for males, and one hundred and fifty-eight for females, which, in respect of capacity, length, breadth, and height, are ample. They are scrupulously clean, well ventilated, admirably lighted, and well furnished for their purposes, with necessary bedding, washing-utensils, etc.; and the prisoners' diet is both good and sufficient. Prisoners under remand may provide for themselves, and the majority seem to do so, judging by the baskets and parcels of food we noticed being carried in. Exercise is permitted to the unconvicted at certain hours compatible with the proper discipline of the prison; they undergo no labor at all, save cleaning out their cells, which they may or need not do as the inclination serves; and they may receive their friends daily, and legal advisers at all reasonable hours. But, for all this, Clerkenwell is to every intent and purpose a criminal prison, and the unconvicted are not criminals. This Middlesex House of Detention bears no comparison with the City of London Prison at Holloway in respect to light and air, its isolation of prisoners, and method of classification; but this, perhaps, in a measure, may be accounted for by the fact that Clerkenwell is another relic of the good old Howardian times, built in a close and confined neighborhood, where air and light struggle hard with each other for space to poke their noses in. The city and the metropolis may each score one for indifference to present prison requirements; but Clerkenwell, in point of internal arrangements, is a beautiful palace compared to Newgate. The accommodation provided for untried offenders in the prisons of London may be thus summed up: The same cells are allotted to them as are provided for the ordinary prisoners under sentence; the like facilities are given for exercising in the yards; and the following is the regulation dietary, viz., twenty ounces of wheaten bread, six ounces of cooked meat, and eight ounces of potato, on alternate days, with one and a half pint of soup, and one pint of gruel, per man per diem.

The model correctional prison of London, not a government prison for convicts, we hold to be the city's prison at Holloway, a handsome castellated structure in this pretty northern suburb of the metropolis. Whether it was that there was more paint expended about the place, which made it look more cheerful, or that there was more garden attached to it, or that it stood in a clearer atmosphere, or that the officials were more disposed to be communicative, or that we learned more of prison discipline at Holloway than at any previous prison we had yet visited; whether or not it was from any one of these indirect causes, certain it is that Holloway afforded us a greater degree of pleasure in viewing it, and made us more interested in prison management and discipline, than all the other prisons of London put together. And here we take leave to express our grateful thanks to Mr. Clarke, the chief warden, who, at some

personal inconvenience, and while the government of the prison was actually devolving upon him, gave us some two hours of his valuable time in attempting to point out every thing of interest, and in endeavoring to make us thoroughly acquainted with the prison discipline.

Holloway House of Correction is for criminals apprehended in the city proper, for queen's prisoners committed by the civil courts and courts of chancery, and for debtors of London and Middlesex. Like the other London model prisons, again, Holloway is divided into four wings, or cell corridors, running in this fashion—



from a centre hall, in which principal and other wardens are constantly on guard. The formation of the prison corridors enables these wardens to have every cell at the same moment constantly under observation. No one can move in or out of a cell, or enter into conversation, without being seen by one of the wardens in the centre hall. The cells on the male side of the prison, some three hundred in number, are built in three tiers: a ground-floor set, second floor, and third floor. The corridors are lettered and numbered A 1, 2, 3; B 1, 2, 3; and so on; and the prisoners are told off to them thus: A corridor receives only prisoners who have never before been convicted; B corridor, those committed for want of bail, or for assaults; C corridor, prisoners guilty of misdemeanors; D corridor, felons. Then, again, there is a system of sub-classification, so that the worst gentlemen get drafted into No. 3 gallery, D corridor; or the prisoners professing the Roman Catholic religion in a selected corner of A corridor, No. 2 gallery; and so on. This system of complete separation is most admirable; it is good for the prisoners themselves, and it enables the wardens to ascertain at a glance the kind of man they have to deal with in any breach of discipline taking place in the cells or the corridors. The cells themselves are thirteen feet long, seven feet wide, and nine high (equal to eight hundred and nineteen cubic feet of space). They are furnished with hammocks and necessary bedding, washing and necessary utensils, and a constant supply of pure water. By turning a handle in the cell, a bell rings in the corridor, showing the number of the prisoner who has made the call, which a warden at once attends to. As Holloway receives only prisoners convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from two days to three years, a system of classified dietary is in use here, framed with regard to the period of hard labor which each prisoner has to undergo. Thus, a man sentenced to any time not exceeding seven days' hard labor is fed wholly on bread, gruel, and water (eight ounces of the former, and one pint of gruel per day, with unlimited water), it being considered that this meagre diet is part of the prisoner's punishment—sufficient, and not more than



sufficient, to maintain his health and strength during the week he is in jail. Prisoners committed for more than seven and not more than twenty-one days get twenty ounces of bread and one pint of gruel per day; prisoners sentenced to hard labor for six weeks, or more than three, receive one pint of gruel, sixteen ounces of bread, three ounces of meat, or one pound of potatoes, per day; men in for times exceeding six weeks, and not more than four months, with hard labor, one pint of gruel, sixteen ounces of bread, one pint of soup or three ounces of meat, with one-half pound of potatoes, per day; and convicted prisoners employed at hard labor for terms exceeding four months receive one pint of either cocoa or gruel, twenty-four ounces of bread, one pint of soup, and one pound of potatoes, or four ounces of meat, and one pound of potatoes, and one pint of gruel, per diem. The longer the prisoner's stay in jail the more food he receives, because a greater amount of hard labor is exacted of him. The prisoners on entry are put to oakum-picking as a penal labor, and the exact quantity required to be picked depends pretty much upon the man's length of stay in jail; three pounds being the maximum quantity required, and any one who doubts that this is ample had better attempt to unravel a piece of tough junk and reduce it to fine oakum, such as passes muster with prison-wardens. It would be safe to say that, without some experience at the labor, not one man in a dozen could do the work in the time allowed in the London prisons. After undergoing this disciplinary probation, varied by the monotony of the tread-wheel for eight and one-half hours daily—used in Holloway, we may add, to pump up water for use in the prison—a hard-labor man is told off to a trade, or is drafted into the general service of the prison, according to his conduct inside and previous occupation outside the jail. The trades taught in Holloway are mat-shearing, loom-labor, and digging and brick-making. The prisoners live in separation, but work in association, supervised by specially-qualified taskmasters. Each prisoner's work is measured at the end of the day, and so many marks are allotted to him, all over a given number—absolutely required to be gained daily, in accordance with the hard-labor scale—counting as overwork, which is paid for, the prisoners receiving what they have earned in this way at the expiration of their sentence. "We feed them well," said Mr. Clarke, the chief warden, "but, then, we exact plenty of hard work;" and no doubt this is so, judging from a few statistics gathered in the jail, which show a very respectable annual net profit on each prisoner's labor of not far short of seven pounds. Mr. Clarke, with a score of men at work from April to August, had made six hundred thousand bricks, including the excavating of the clay, and many of the prisoners had never been at brick-making before.

It is rather remarkable that, notwithstanding the hard, dull, uninteresting, and monotonous labor exacted of short-sentence men, together with the indifferent diet allowed to them, there should be so many reconvictions in this class. There are always

faces to be seen in the London houses of correction of the low, cunning, jail-bird stamp, which are not so frequently met with in the greater convict establishments. The short-sentence men seem to live half their time in attempting to become penal-servitude men. There was a prisoner in Holloway who had been convicted twenty-two times, and never once for felony. And what does the reader suppose was this prisoner's age? Twenty-seven! There was a man working at the tread-wheel in Wandsworth House of Correction, a poor, emaciated, hopeless-looking fellow, of scarcely thirty years of age, who had been fifty times in various prisons. On admission, he was asked the usual question by the governor: "How many times have you been in prison before, and what were the names of the prisons in which you were confined?" and, in reply, he gave a whole string of names, winding up a good score with the declaration that he positively forgot the names of the other half. These short-sentence prisoners are, as a rule, very difficult subjects to deal with, ever ready with a lie, and always on the alert to practise some deceit upon the officers of the jail. There was a female on the point of being discharged at Holloway, and Mr. Clarke, with the prison matron and ourselves, was present at the ceremony of leave-taking. The woman was in her cell, ready-dressed to go out.

Said Mr. Clarke: "The fourth time I notice Margaret Sullivan, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, if you had only thought of the words your mother taught you when you were young" (a blubber), "you'd never have been here" (sob, sob, sob).

An official standing by, who knew Margaret Sullivan better than Mr. Clarke, facetiously joined in, "Train up a child in the way," etc. "Margaret's mother has been here, too—hasn't she, Margaret?"

"Yes, sir."

Whereat Margaret wiped away her tears, seeing that the imposture was discovered, and a broad grin dispersed itself over Margaret's not too lovely features.

Two youths of about eighteen were going out, and their future residences were being taken.

"Been in twice before, I notice, Jennings?" said Mr. Clarke.

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live, Jennings?"

"Kingston, in Wandsworth," was the ready lie in reply.

"What?" asked Mr. Clarke, with feigned astonishment.

"Kingston, in Wandsworth."

Kingston happens to be distant from Wandsworth some six miles; and the reply was like a New-York burglar's saying that he lived at Brooklyn, in Broadway!

"Ah, Jennings," said Mr. Clarke, "you know you're telling me a lie!"

A broad grin spreads itself over Mr. Jennings's countenance, who in his heart thinks, "What a werry knowing old bloke that Clarke is!"

These London thieves are remarkable for their low cunning, otherwise they are patient in tribulation, work hard in jail, and give the

officers little trouble. The inmates of the houses of correction are as distinct a class from the penal-servitude men as the fox species from the greater carnivora.

Notwithstanding, however, these repeated reconvictions, there is a very remarkable and growing decrease in crime in London and elsewhere in the United Kingdom, of which we shall have something more to say presently. Asking Mrs. Game, the prison-matron, who had been remarking that lately her part of the prison had been comparatively empty, how she accounted for this remarkable diminution in crime, she replied: "By the officers proving convictions; thieves now know that a secondary punishment awaits them after they leave jail. They are known to the police."

But we shall take occasion to allude to this most interesting feature of the present penal system of Great Britain by-and-by.

It is worthy of remark that the wardens of the London correctional prisons are wholly unarmed, and, though completely at the mercy of any body of prisoners working in association—for instance, in the mat-making room, where knives are in constant use by the prisoners—assaults are entirely unheard of. The routine of the jail compels the prisoner to work ten hours a day, say eight hours at mat-making and two at oakum-picking. The strictest silence is maintained both at work and at meals, and this strikes the visitor as the most wonderful part of the jail discipline. In the bakery, for instance, we saw prisoners making bread (they were good-conduct men, whose sentences were about expiring); every thing was done mechanically, and not a word was uttered or even a look exchanged between the prisoners at work. They had been drilled into silence, like soldiers into moving with precision. The silence of a jail is a silence to be felt, and it positively affects a person not used to it. The prisoners are perfect machines, scarcely uttering a syllable from day's end to day's end, working automatically, as it were—interest in the work doing sustaining a prisoner's reason. Every attention is paid to religious and secular instruction in Holloway, as in all the London prisons. Each prisoner has a right to see a minister of the denomination to which he belongs; in several of the prisons there are regularly-appointed Roman Catholic chaplains, in addition to the Church of England minister; and, at Clerkenwell, a Jewish rabbi attends whenever there is a Jew in the prison. This speaks well for religious toleration in England, at least in regard to prisoners. Boys under sixteen years of age are allowed six hours per week instruction, in addition to which they have lessons to prepare for schools in their cells, duly certified school-masters and school-mistresses being appointed to every jail. Nothing approaching to visiting prisoners from outside is permitted in any of the criminal prisons, except in the presence of a prison-warden; the prisoner stands behind a screen, the warden sits in a sort of pew, and sees that nothing passes from hand to hand during the interview, which never lasts more than twenty minutes, and is permissible only after a six months' stay in jail. Moreover, all visitors to prisoners

are searched, if any suspicion attaches to them, before entering the prison. The only communication a prisoner is permitted to have with the outside world during his incarceration is in the shape of writing a letter to, or receiving a letter from, his friends, once in three months, this indulgence being liable to forfeiture in case of misconduct or breach of prison discipline. There is little to be noticed on the female side of Holloway Prison different from what exists on the male. Hard-labor women are engaged in the prison laundry-work in association, overlooked by prison-matrons. A very wide discretion is permitted the surgeon with reference to changes in the diets of prisoners; and, altogether, the practice at Holloway House of Correction seems to be marked by a large measure of humanity in dealing with the prisoners generally, and by an earnest effort at reformation when they leave the jail. And this, after all, should be the grand aim of all prison systems—the deterring from the commission of crime, the reformation of the offender, and the proper treatment of criminals. Humanity can be practised within jails as well as without, and is not incompatible with the maintenance of the strictest prison discipline. There is too much disposition on the part of some prison officials to be unnecessarily severe and too apt to find fault on very frivolous pretexts. The way of transgressors is hard enough in jail, God knows, and a little display of kindly interest in individual prisoners by the prison-wardens often paves the way to an entire change of life, with an earnest endeavor, by-and-by, at doing what is right. No one can doubt this who has seen the appreciation shown by prisoners of any slight alteration in their condition. The good-conduct men in the kitchens, gardens, and working about the prisons, are like school-boys under the eyes of an indulgent school-master. They work hard and well to justify the confidence felt in them, and would as much think of being guilty of any indiscretion likely to provoke punishment as most of us would of pitching hard-earned five-dollar bills into the fire. In our opinion a man's conduct in jail not unfrequently depends very much upon the disposition of the official under whom he is placed. A thoughtful prison-warden can often do more toward reforming a convict than all the chaplains of all the prisons put together. The Bible is most excellent in its way and in season, but of quite as much importance in a prison is a thoughtful and considerate prison-warden, versed in prison discipline, and not slow to appreciate an effort on the part of a convict to alleviate its severity by doing what is right and proper.

It is scarcely fair to allude to the civil side of Holloway Jail in a paper treating of criminals, but we rather wish it were possible for some of our Ludlow-Street officials to take a walk over it. Indeed, it might not come very much amiss were a class of prison-turnkeys formed to go over to England and study her prison system altogether. At the late Prison Congress held in London, composed of persons from all countries interested in prison management (we think Dr. Wines, of New York, was among the number), one of the

most distinguished leaders pointed out that, with the one exception of Belgium, no other country in the world but Great Britain had carried out any definite system of punishment at all. If this be so, the sooner the United States is informed how to do so the better. It is very much to be hoped that Dr. Wines may be persuaded to give the results of his observations in this direction formed during his recent tour of the European prisons.

The other London prisons of correction are Coldbath Fields, Tothill Fields (exclusively for females, with which we shall deal in a future article), and the County Prison at Wandsworth, in Surrey, which is worthy of notice. This prison, like the others, is divided into wings or corridors, four of which are two hundred and thirty-two feet in length, and the remainder three hundred and thirty-two feet. These corridors contain seven hundred and eighty cells for male prisoners and two hundred and sixty for females, each cell measuring thirteen feet in length, seven feet in width, and nine feet in height, furnished precisely the same as at Holloway, with the addition of a water-cistern to each cell, containing six gallons. A noteworthy feature of Wandsworth is that all the prisoners wear a description of mask to prevent recognition; otherwise their condition is similar to that of the prisoners of other London houses of correction. Wandsworth is one of the most splendid specimens of a prison-building to be found in England, and we should say that in respect of light, ventilation, and capaciousness, it is not exceeded by any.

CHARLES E. PARCOE.

## MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

### CHAPTER XLIV.

A VISITOR.

It was Sunday—only a fortnight ago—when I sat watching the moon and the black clouds that hurled themselves across its light. Were those clouds dumb heralds of the sorrow and trouble that were coming? Till today, I have not felt able to set down a word of what has happened at Château-Fontaine, and, as I look back over the days, some of them seem as far off already as though a year had come between.

That Sunday was a bright day, full of pleasant anticipation. As we came home from church, Madame La Peyre told me about her friend's charming villa at Dieppedale, just a little way beyond Canteleu, which is famous for its view of the city of Rouen. I had a longing to see Rouen, and wondered whether the quiet old lady of Dieppedale ever drove so far.

"She will love you dearly, Gertrude, because you are English," madame said, as we climbed the steep hill again. "She was an *émigrée*, and she has never forgotten the kindness she received in England."

I had never paid a visit of this kind before, and in the afternoon I lay in wait for Angélique on the stairs, to consult her about my wardrobe. There is a room at the end of that long, narrow passage leading off from the hall, which is called Angélique's room, but she is never in it. Twice when I have gone to seek her there, I have found Rosalie knitting a long, blue stocking, and looking as malevolent as a witch in her cell.

At last Mrs. Dayrell's door opened, and Angélique came out. She put up a warning finger directly she saw me, and her face was even more sad than it usually is when she leaves her patient. She turned at once to my bedroom; she seemed always to know my wants.

"Mademoiselle is not to trouble about her packing," she said, holding the door open for me; "if she will just put out her books or any thing she wants specially, the rest will all be ready."

But she did not smile, and she seemed anxious to leave me.

"What is it? Is Mrs. Dayrell worse?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I am afraid she is worse; there is a great change, and I cannot soothe her. I am going to find Monsieur l'Abbé; my poor madame says that Monsieur Dayrell must be brought back at once."

"But, Angélique, we cannot go away if she is worse; it would be dreadful to leave her. I will go and tell Madame La Peyre."

Angélique shook her head.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but it is always best to let things be. Mademoiselle is not to go till Tuesday, and we do not know what may happen before Tuesday."

She went away, and I sat with those words echoing in my ears, "We do not know what may happen before Tuesday."

And yet I have remarked that, as a rule, when one feels a dread, or what one calls a presentiment of evil, it is groundless. I said this to myself, and went back again to the thought of our journey.

In the evening, madame told me she thought Mrs. Dayrell was better.

"I think the stormy wind last night troubled her, and we must expect that she will feel her husband's absence. I am sorry he went"—her sweet old face clouded over—"I think he did my poor Barbara much more good than any doctor will ever do her, but he thought it would please her to see an English doctor."

"No"—Madame La Peyre spoke with unusual quickness—"no, my dear child; Barbara is too fond of talking to you, and she always excites herself when she sees you; you are much more lively and interesting, my little one, than Angélique and I are, and therefore you are not so harmless for our invalid."

I felt disappointed. I wished much to see Mrs. Dayrell, if it were only to efface the remembrance of her sad, wild face, and of those despairing words.

I wonder why I linger over all these trivialities. I believe because I dread to put down deliberately the story of the next day—the Monday which was to work such a change in my life.

When I woke up and looked out, there

was a soft mist over every thing. The fine tracing of the topmost tree-branches peered over it like phantoms, their trunks and lower branches being as yet shrouded in its veil. As it cleared away, the sun shone out brilliantly, and there was that soft sweetness in the air which seems to make one feel happy and languid all at once, and which only comes with the first burst of spring.

As soon as I was ready, I ran down-stairs, and very soon I had gathered a large handful of violets; the shrubbery was purple with their exquisite flowers and buds hiding away among the leaves; there were lilies of the valley, too, not in blossom, but their lovely leaves looked fresh and delicate against the rich brown mould.

I gathered some of these leaves, and put them round my violets, but they did not suit them, and I threw them away—there is no use in mismatching things, I thought; Nature always knows what will go well together—it is only man who makes mistakes. I began to wonder if Nature meant to match Mr. and Mrs. Dayrell; certainly they are not a well-suited pair—she ought to have a phlegmatic husband, who would laugh at her caprices; and he ought to have a sweeter, gentler wife. Marriage seems to be a great and awful puzzle; and I thought of my father and my mother, who had married for love, and yet who always looked sad and anxious. Had not my mother said they had been selfish in marrying?

I walked slowly up from the shrubbery toward the house, and I went in and sat down on the lowest step of the broad staircase, to make up my violets into bunches.

Presently, Rosalie passed across the hall. She stopped and looked at me, but I took no notice.

"Mademoiselle should not sit on the stairs—there are visitors arriving."

She stood looking at me through her sandy eyelashes, with her hands spread out on her hips.

I thought she was only teasing me, and went on picking out the largest blossoms for a special offering to Madame La Peyre; and then, all in a moment, I heard footsteps crunching on the ground outside.

Rosalie said: "Mamzelle—Mamzelle Stewart, n'y a pas temps à perdre." And I found myself running up-stairs with my lap full of flowers.

Instead of going on to my own room, I stopped at the abbé's study, and tapped at the door.

"Entrez," in Madame La Peyre's voice. She and the abbé were standing near the fireplace, and I fancied they looked disturbed.

"Pardon," I said; and then I kissed madame, and shook hands with the abbé. I made a movement to the door. "I thought no one would be here; but I brought my violets away, because some one is coming up the terrace."

"Do not disturb thyself, ma petite—it is probably the postman, earlier than usual."

Madame La Peyre smiled, but the abbé looked grave.

"I will see," he said. "You can stay here till I come back."

Then, in a moment, I knew what was go-

ing to happen. Light seemed to dance before my eyes as Rosalie threw open the door, crying out, in her shrill tones, "Monsieur le Comte de Vaucresson."

The abbé stood still in the middle of the room; but Madame La Peyre gave a little cry, and started up, with both hands stretched out toward the as yet unseen visitor.

He looked so very pale—his whiskers and beard so much grown—that I should not have known him, except for his eyes; and, somehow, these looked so much older than, instead of the companion of my own age I had parted from with such loving sadness, it seemed to me here was a grown-up gentleman, of whom I felt alarmingly shy.

The abbé and he embraced, and then the comte took both Madame La Peyre's hands, bowed profoundly over them, and kissed them. I had never taken my eyes from Eugène; but now, as he looked full at me, I could hardly look back—I felt my face burn, and my eyes drooped.

The comte did not attempt to shake hands; he only made me a low, formal bow, and murmured some words—one of which sounded like "madame."

"Ah, my dear friend," the abbé said, quickly, "a letter from me has crossed you: a few days, and I should have reached Paris."

Madame La Peyre looked at me, and moved to the door.

"You must have so much to say to my brother, Monsieur Eugène, that we will leave you in peace."

He opened the door so gracefully: I gave just a little look up as I went out, and I met his eyes full.

I hurried on, past Madame La Peyre. I wanted to reach my own room, but she called me back.

"Gertrude, my child, let us go down and breakfast at once. The abbé wishes to be alone with his pupil, and we shall have finished before they come."

"In a moment," I said. I had let fall most of my violets, but I still kept a bunch which wanted tying. I was going off to my room with these. I thought Madame La Peyre cruel to ask me to come to eat when I was choking with pent-up feelings. To my surprise, she said:

"I will wait for thee," and she stood still in the gallery.

I had no time to think. I felt hot one minute, and cold the next. I began to guess that the abbé had written to tell Eugène not to come, and that he had come in spite of this. He had come because he so longed to see me.

His eyes had told me that as I came out of the room; and, instead of feeling proud and glad—for he, poor, dear fellow! knows no reason why all is not as it used to be—I only felt frightened, and was glad to get away.

Well, he is here; we must see one another again, and we must come to some sort of explanation, and I shall be thankful when it is over.

"You need not wait, Matthieu," says Madame La Peyre, as soon as we are half through breakfast, and that grinning piece of laziness disappears, probably to sleep till his next summons.

"My dear Gertrude," madame speaks

gravely, "thou art not eating; I suppose thou art mystified. I had better say that Eugène de Vaucresson ought not to have come here, and my brother will send him away at once. It is useless to treat thee like a child, my little one, and therefore I tell thee that it is thought better that Eugène should not see thee again."

I felt myself crimson in an instant. "Madame, I know that I have not deserved trust; but I cannot understand this; surely, if I say you can trust me now, you will believe."

My voice quivered; I could hardly keep from crying. Madame La Peyre looked troubled and disappointed. I went on as soon as I could speak steadily:

"I will tell you every thing, and then you will see that I ought to see Eu—Monsieur de Vaucresson again. You know we care for one another." The look of pain in her eyes was not to be borne, and I covered mine with my hands; I felt as if I must hide my face while I went on. "I have learned to see that I was wrong in beginning this; but then I am not sure that one can guide one's own feelings. It seems to me this feeling came of itself; but I am resolved not to consider myself engaged, or free to listen to Monsieur de Vaucresson, until Captain Brand tells me he has got our marriage set aside. I suppose that he wishes to be released as much as I do."

Madame La Peyre gave a weary little sigh.

"Yes, yes" (there was a sound of irritation in her voice that I had never heard there before), "I have promised not to interfere; but it is all very unreasonable, and I cannot explain to thee why it would be so much better if the captain had left things as they were. Thou art only a child still, and, *mon Dieu!* a child's faults should be forgiven and forgotten."

In the midst of my excitement I could hardly help smiling. This was, then, the secret cause of Madame La Peyre's indulgence. She considered that Captain Brand had been harsh in his decision; she did not really believe I could wish to be free.

"If thou wast a Catholic, my child, it would be almost impossible to set this marriage aside; but in thy country it may be different. Still thou must not have any thing to do with Monsieur de Vaucresson even after—"

Here she stopped with what I felt to be provoking silliness.

"I have told you every thing, madame; would it not be better to trust me?"

She shook her head so sadly, and her dear eyes filled so quickly, that I was appeased.

"I cannot, dear little one. My Gertrude, if thou askest me any more questions, I may perhaps break my promise to the Père Alphonse."

I kissed her.

"I will not ask one more question;" but I felt tortured, and my face must have shown her my trouble.

"We will go away now, Gertrude," she said; "we will stay in my room till afternoon, and I will ask if thou mayst not write thy explanation; but, indeed, my sweet child must not see Eugène de Vaucresson."



## CHAPTER XLV.

## AN EXPLANATION AT LAST.

I HAD lost the power of feeling. A strange change had come to me. I had been longing for months to see Eugène, and I had seen him. He was actually under the same roof with me, and yet I could bear to be separated from him, and to be told that I must not see him again.

Perhaps I did not fully believe Madame La Peyre—perhaps I hoped that the abbé would give a different judgment. Either this hope sustained me, or the suddenness of our meeting had dulled my perceptions.

Madame La Peyre volunteered to show me a new open-stitch in her embroidery, and I was able to listen, and even to learn.

At last came Angélique's well-known tap at the door, and, when she came in, she said:

"Monsieur l'Abbé will be glad to see madame, and afterward to read with mademoiselle."

"Is Monsieur le Comte gone, then?" madame asked, eagerly.

"Mais oui, madame" (Angélique's eyebrows were lifted in surprise). "It is nearly an hour since Monsieur l'Abbé has gone down to the gates with Monsieur de Vaucresson."

"Allons," said Madame La Peyre, "but, Gertrude, I am not sure about the reading; thou art so pale; a run in the park would be more pleasant—would it not, my child?"

"No, no, thank you" (I had resolved to see the abbé); "when your talk is over, I will go to the study."

"Bien;" and it seemed to me that she tripped away as if she were eager to learn all that had been happening.

I had been wishing to be left alone, for my head felt dazed, and I gave a sigh of relief as madame departed, followed by Angélique, but almost at once a sort of despair seized me.

All is then ended. I am parted from Eugène, for, even if Captain Brand succeeds in getting the marriage set aside, I cannot seek Eugène, and he is forbidden to come to Château-Fontaine.

There seems to be an inexorable fate at work. Just in this same iron manner I was prevented from speaking to Captain Brand; he will never know how I long for his forgiveness or how sorry I am, and yet I am only sorry that I was ungrateful and deceitful; if all were to happen over again, I must love Eugène, and feel only friendship for Captain Brand. It is all very well for people who marry just because they are bidden to take a husband, whose pulses have never been stirred by any quicker current than the throbs of gratified vanity, to say I could have loved Captain Brand if I had chosen. I do not believe in that sort of manufactured love; it seems to me that real love is spontaneous, and comes direct from heaven.

I set down these thoughts, because they remain so vividly in memory; they were just the last I had before the trial came which I so shrink from writing of, and yet it is a cowardly shrinking. I suppose it is much easier

to confess that one has been faulty than that one has been self-deceived.

As I recovered from the shock of Eugène's sudden departure, I began to realize my disappointment.

How many words I had planned to say! how often I had gone over in thought the scene of our meeting, and how different all had been! It seems as if Angélique's theory is true; that all the events of our lives are preordered for us; that we are only left free to choose good and evil as they present themselves. In this way I certainly might have altered my life this morning. I might have insisted on seeing Eugène again. I feel I have behaved a coward, and the torment gnaws at my heart. Madame La Peyre is right. I shall go out.

I go very slowly and sadly to my room for my hat and cloak. All the bright morning promise has faded out of the sky—light-gray clouds sail swiftly across, and join a huge bank which sits lowering on the tree-tops. There will be rain before this afternoon is over, but I am glad to see the dullness. All that I used to prize so much—brightness, and color, and beauty—has gone out of my life.

I have never found the spring in the bookcase, but I have found out a way to the foot of that staircase, and my mind is so full of Eugène that I go there involuntarily. There are still the ugly pigs, and cocks and hens, and there is Rosalie throwing grain to them. How differently different women can do the same thing! Rosalie's atmosphere seems to influence the dumb creatures; but it is quite another influence than her mother's. At Merton the pigs used to frolic about with their tails in a coil. Here they are snarling, and trying to bite one another, and the fowls do not come clucking round Rosalie's feet; they are rushing greedily in search of every stray grain. It is possible that the creatures are not so well fed at Château-Fontaine as at Merton. The pigs look gaunt and wretched, but I like to think of Rosalie as an emblem of discord. She sets my teeth on edge. I try to pass her silently.

"Eh bien, mademoiselle, Monsieur le Comte has not paid a long visit. Mademoiselle is the only visitor who stays at Château-Fontaine; the gentlemen all go away. It is dull for mademoiselle to live with only the old, is it not so?"

"Please to help me open this gate." I did not choose to answer—her voice and her looks were both spiteful. She plainly rejoiced in my dullness. I believe far more in the old fairy tales since I have seen Rosalie. She seems to hate every thing that is young and bright.

I had not been this way since the burst of spring came. When I reached the opening in the hedge of the little Dutch garden, and looked down on the hanging wood and at the trees across the river, I saw how great a change had passed over all. The tender green leaves unrolled themselves under my very eyes, and one heard the soft, indefinable sound of dropping sheaths. It was too early in the day for the evening song of the birds, but the air was full of murmur. Some of the flower-beds in the garden were empty of all but rich, brown mould, and standard rose-trees, full of deli-

cate, red-stemmed leaves in the centre; others were gay with red and yellow tulips, and some were full of basil and other sweet herbs. The high hedge went all around the garden, shutting it in completely from the long stretch of potato-and-cabbage ground which lay between it and the offices of the château, but there were no trees this way, and I turned again to the woods. There was something healing to my trouble in the exquisite, tender green, in the visible gush of renewed life. Far below, the river-bank opposite was gemmed with wild-flowers, and beyond these was a carpet of rich golden blossoms sitting on dark-green leaves. How lovely it all was, and how little did any dweller at Château-Fontaine seem to care for its loveliness—it was deserted! It has always been a mystery to me how the garden and shrubberies were kept in order—they seemed so solitary. Matthieu was far too lazy to handle a rake, and there were only his father, the *conciierge*, and a still older man—Baptiste—attached to the place. Baptiste was so deaf, that, after one vain attempt to make him hear, I had given up any effort at speech, and contented myself with nodding and smiling if by chance I saw him at work. As I stood looking down at the wood, I saw something moving through it. Some one was coming up the path. It might be Baptiste, but as I looked I saw that the branches were moved too roughly and rapidly. Whoever was coming, came at full speed. My heart began to beat fast. In a minute the trees near the top were violently pushed apart, and I saw that it was Eugène. He was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with eagerness.

"My charming friend!" He came up close beside me, and took my hand.

All my shyness came back, and I shrank a little away from him.

"We cannot talk here," he said, "we are sure to be interrupted; the wood on the other side is much better."

The mention of that wood brought back vividly my meeting with Captain Brand. I could not go there and talk with Eugène, and with this recollection came back, too, my resolution. But why need I keep it? I had spoken of it to Madame La Peyre, but I had made no pledge to Captain Brand. Why should I interfere, and dash away the happiness of two people? My head felt in a whirl. All I had been striving so hard for grew unreal and impossible. Standing there beside me, he seemed to absorb my will. I felt in that moment that I must let him decide my fate.

I looked up at him.

I can never tell what it was, or how I could have learned it so quickly, but I knew in an instant that I was not looking at my Eugène. I shivered and drew my hand away, and then I looked again. Yes, it was the same face; there was the same lovely hair curling over his white forehead, the same haughty, graceful pose of the head. He had more beard, and this, doubtless, changed him; but the change in his eyes was something quite different: they were—I cannot find words to paint the change I felt. I could not keep mine fixed on them—their look brought the blood into my face.

"Do you not think so?" he said, softly,

and then I understood he was waiting for my answer.

"We can talk here very well, I think; we shall not be interrupted." And then I summoned up my courage, and tried to remember that I had longed for this meeting—here was the opportunity I had desired. "I wanted to see you very much: I was so unhappy when they said you were gone!"

I spoke earnestly, but I did not look up. I longed to get rid of the nightmare feeling which insisted that this was not the Eugène I had been cherishing like an idol. I wanted to believe against myself.

"My sweet friend!"—ah me, at the sound of his voice hope came back. Yes, he was Eugène—no one else had ever spoken to me in tones that stole into my heart, and set it throbbing wildly—"this is indeed a pleasure I hardly dared to hope for! When I saw you this morning I feared I was forgotten."

"No, oh, no; you thought so because I did not write in answer to your last letter, but I will tell you all about that; that is one reason why I so much wished to see you."

I spoke very earnestly, but he laughed.

"Dear Gertrude," he said so very tenderly that the tears came against my will, "never mind the letters; we are together at last. I knew you would come; I have been waiting in the wood this hour for you."

I started at this.

"Why could you not have insisted on seeing me at the château?" I said, gravely. I wanted him to understand that I did not mean to keep this meeting secret.

I looked up and saw that he was smiling.

"My sweet little friend, they have been moping you; tell me now—I promise to be discreet—have not madame and that dragon of virtue, la Mère Angélique, been trying to make you into a *femme raisonnable*? I know you have been *triste à mourir* in that dreadful Devonshire"—he said the word so prettily that I could not help laughing. "Yes, yes, I thought so; and, now that the dear little victim has her Eugène again, she will forget all these foolish worries, and be gay and charming, as she was last year."

I shook my head.

"You cannot think how long ago last year seems," I said; "so much has happened since then." Somehow I could not feel gay and happy, and I saw that my grave manner vexed him. "You must be patient with me," I went on; "I cannot feel natural till I have explained every thing."

He gave a little impatient frown, and shrugged his shoulders.

"My friend, it is your English blood which torments you. In France, when we have a trouble or a grief, we do not brood over it and hatch it into more stinging life; we turn from it, we try to shake it off, we fly it as we would fly from a serpent. I come to you today for distraction, for amusement; why, then, should we explain? and why should you wrinkle your charming forehead in trying to tell me any thing but that you love me? That is all I want to hear, dear Gertrude; your eyes say so, and I want to hear your words confirm it. Come, we will go and

find the boat, and we will be as joyous as we were last year."

While I listened I kept changing; I did not like his words; the idea of shrinking from grief shocked me, and the next moment I felt full of remorse; for I could not do as he had asked me; I could not say I loved him. I was growing colder and colder. Be as joyous as last year, when Eugène seemed to me perfection? Impossible! What was coming to me? And then I told myself it was the false position in which I stood that made him seem different, and that I must be brave, and tell him the truth at once.

"Please listen"—I looked at him very entreatingly, and he bent down and whispered fond nonsense about my eyes, which I knew it was wrong to listen to—"I cannot go in the boat to-day, and you will see why. Has the abbé told you any thing about me?"

He smiled and bowed, mockingly.

"Not any thing that I did not know before, madame."

I felt my face flush suddenly.

"Why do you call me madame?"

"Is it not the truth?" he said, in English.

"Yes; but how did you know it? That is what I wanted to tell you; until I—" I stopped here, a strange mixture of feelings checked my words.

Eugène took my hand and kissed it. I felt angry, and I hastily drew it away.

"Ah," he said, sadly, "you are offended, and you will not let me be happy. Dear Gertrude, you are unkind, and you are my only friend; you know my sorrow. I came to you to be cheered and consoled, and you treat me like a criminal; what have I done that I may not love you as I loved you last year?"

"I am very sorry for your loss, indeed I am; but last year you thought I was free; it is not you who are to blame; it is all my fault; I have no right to expect you to be better than I was, then."

"My dear little friend" (my tears troubled him), "do not be so much too earnest; life is not given that we should make ourselves miserable; we have only to enjoy; even Angélique will tell you that her *bon Dieu* likes us to be happy. You are married now; but you have an old husband, who will very often be away from you, as he is a sailor; surely he is not so barbarous as to deny you the consolation of a friend?"

I stared at him. Had I been mistaken all through? Was it only friendship that Eugène felt for me? I do not know whether I was mortified or relieved for the first minute, and then I blushed with shame; my vanity had indeed led me into error. But a rapid thought came—if Eugène only wished for my friendship, why was I not allowed to see him?

"Every woman wants a friend," he went on, "and you specially need one. And I, too, have no friend, dear Gertrude; consider me a little; I claim your love as a right; remember, you have given it to me."

I looked up frankly, but I quickly looked down again; I think Eugène deceived himself about his friendship.

"Friendship and love are different," I

said; "and, when you marry, your wife will not like our friendship."

"Marry!" he laughed. "Marriage is in the future, dear Gertrude. I shall not marry till I am older than your captain is, and then my wife will be too well bred to interfere with my friendships."

I stood silent. It is true, then, that Eugène loves me, or he would not talk in this way.

"I was married to Captain Brand against my will," I said, "but we have agreed to set this marriage aside; we both wish to be free."

I had been half reluctant to say this. Certainly, if Eugène was what he now seemed to be, I could not love him; and yet hope kept on whispering that, if he saw a chance of winning me, he would be once more all I had dreamed him to be.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is a mistake, dear Gertrude, to do this; I have seen more of life than you have, and those marriages are the best where the husbands and wives see least of one another. In France a marriage is a marriage always; there is no possibility of change; and for a woman marriage is a good institution—it gives her position and it gives her freedom. In England it may be different, but in France an unmarried girl may not have a friend who is not of her own sex; it is 'shocking,' as you say in English."

"Then how could you ask me to—to be your friend last year?" I said, indignantly.

He tried to take my hand, but I drew it away.

"You are too hasty, and yet you look so pretty when you are angry; there, now, how shall I calm you, my sweet friend? If peaches fall at our feet it is not robbery to pick them up; would you have had me so boorish and brutal as not to enjoy what came of itself?"

I turned away, writhing; every word was stabbing my own folly into my heart. Eugène followed me, and an earnestness came at last into the playful tone which so goaded me.

"Listen, Gertrude, and do not blame yourself. You were a sweet, innocent child, and you acted like a child. When I learned the story of your marriage, I knew that you had acted rightly; you were free, and, unless your husband was a tyrant, he had no right to blame you. But now, listen again. We are foolish; all this time we have been disputing, when we might have been happy talking to each other the gay nothings we talked last year. Why should we be grave and serious about trifles? You are free to amuse yourself, my angel. No one at Château-Fontaine has any more right to direct you than I have; and I have, have I not, dearest Gertrude, the right of love?"

He clasped my hand so firmly this time that I felt I could not draw it away without a struggle.

"Eugène, please let me go," I said, calmly; "you and I can never understand one another, and I am sure we must not meet again. You are not what I have thought you, but I have no right to be angry, because I have been wrong too."

He did not answer; he kept looking toward the wood. Presently he dropped my hand with an exclamation.

"I told you we should be interrupted," he said, pettishly; "here comes some one; you have still time to get away, Gertrude. A—h! it is the abbé; but he will not reach us for several minutes yet."

"I shall stay," I said, coldly.

"As you will;" he shrugged his shoulders. "I should have thought it better to avoid an *esclandre*."

"You said just now I was my own mistress, and could do as I pleased; I have done nothing wrong—why should there be an *esclandre*?"

I spoke so bitterly that he turned and looked at me.

"You are so charming," he said, "that I am sure in the end you will be guided by me. You will have a letter from me to-morrow."

"No—no more letters."

I eagerly watched the movement in the trees. I had felt suffocated with anger and mortification; but all the other feelings changed into thankfulness when the abbé at last stood beside me.

He looked at us inquiringly.

"Monsieur," I said, hurriedly, "will you take me to the château?"

"I will follow you instantly, my daughter." He gave me a grave bow, as if to dismiss me. "I want to talk to you when I have spoken to Monsieur le Comte de Vaucresson."

I did not even look at Eugène, but hurried back to the château.

## JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE.

THE remarkable success which from the outset has attended Mr. Toole's career as a comedian, the great fame and social position which he has achieved in his own country, the curiosity to see and hear so loudly-heralded a performer which his advent to America has excited, and his unqualified and very gratifying success, thus far, before American audiences, will render a brief biographical sketch of him highly interesting to many readers. At an age when men are deemed to be but at the beginning of the prime of life, Mr. Toole is almost a patriarch as the foremost member of his particular branch of the dramatic profession. As a very young man he was permitted to occupy an elevated pedestal in the crowded gallery of English theatrical celebrities, and, as the man has grown and prospered in his art, that pedestal has been furnished from time to time with an additional plinth.

JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE was born in Leadenhall Street, London, on the 12th of March, 1832. He is the second son of Mr. James Toole, who for a quarter of a century held the official post of toast-master to the corporation of London, and whose ready humor and stentorian tones have, time and again, roused the civic authorities to enthusiasm over some great patriotic or social toast with his "Bumpers for this toast, gentlemen, if you please!" John Lawrence Toole,

though of Irish descent and cosmopolitan nature, is a veritable cockney as to his birth-place, he having been really born within the sound of Bow Bells, and having received his education—or rather a part of it, for Mr. Toole is an insatiate reader—at the City of London School, where he was noted for his taste for elocution, recitation, etc. Strange to say, his family appear to have deemed these natural characteristics as peculiarly qualifying him for the wine-trade; and Toole was duly perched on a high stool in the office of a wine-merchant. But, to use his own familiar expression, still he was not happy. He did not take kindly to the outsidings of port and sherry bottles, invoices, and custom-house receipts; and an elocution-class at Walworth, to which he belonged, soon developed in him an absolute abhorrence of a high stool, as being an impossible accessory of his favorite occupation and amusement. Fancy Demosthenes delivering an oration from the top of a nineteenth-century office-stool! Of late Mr. Toole has attempted something in that way; but it has been in the play, which he has made famous, of "Our Clerks."

Mr. E. L. Blanchard tells us, in his own pleasant vein, how thoroughly innate was the passion for and power of acting in Mr. Toole. He says: "Toward the close of a bright autumnal day in the year 1838, the writer, happening to pass through Shorne (a village about four miles from Gravesend), as a pedestrian who had been exploring the green lanes about the neighborhood, came upon the oddest group imaginable. A little boy, scarcely six years of age, was the centre of an admiring throng of urchins, who seemed to be in the most exuberant state of delight at each fresh comicality of the entertainment, which seemed to consist of an imitation of a farm-yard, with a few voices dexterously thrown in; it was over before the pedestrian could discover the reason for the merry peals of childish laughter which had reached him; but in a few moments the extremely juvenile monologist recommenced his performance without becoming aware of another being added to his audience. A dexterous rearrangement of his pinafore, a twist of his child's cap, and a small stick snatched from the hedge, and there was the miniature figure of an old man tottering rather than toddling about the little garden; the few words uttered in simulated tones helping to identify a resemblance which evidently left the diminutive spectators in no doubt as to the fidelity of the likeness. Then came a change of face, another readjustment of the pinafore, and an altered tone, with a word and a whistle given by turns. This was quickly accepted as the faithful portraiture of a comic countryman well known to the highly-appreciative little assembly, and tiny hands were clapped gleefully as the voice of the rustic, simulated in childish treble, was heard to proclaim the necessity of giving something to an old, gray mare. At a nearer approach, the festive company, entertainer and all, subsided into bashfulness; and, in answer to an inquiry as to the name of the amusingly precocious young gentleman, a reply was lisped out by a giggling damsel scarcely ten, 'It's only a little London boy down for his health, sir.'"

Fourteen years afterward Mr. Blanchard unexpectedly found himself seated one evening by the side of T. P. Cooke and Mark Lemon, at the Walworth Institution, in Carter Street. They were there to witness a performance of the City Histrionic Club, having been urged to attend by Charles Dickens and Albert Smith, who had assured them that they would see a young actor "who was bound to make a hit before long." The actor in question played the part of *Diggory* in the "Spectre Bridegroom," and astounded the three critics with his fun and drollery. As they rose to leave the little theatre, T. P. Cooke inquired of Mr. Blanchard:

"Have you ever seen Toole before?"

"Yes," he replied; "I saw him give his first entertainment fourteen years ago."

Mr. Blanchard felt instinctively assured that the young man at whom he had just been so heartily laughing, and the child whom he had seen performing in the cottage garden at Shorne, were one and the same being. And he was right. Thus is the boy the father of the man!

Young Toole was duly installed as the leading star of the Walworth Institution, though still poring over his ledgers and day-books in the wine-merchant's office in the day-time. Like most aspirants, he tried his hand, or rather his tongue, in different rôles; now appearing as *Bassanio*, in the "Merchant of Venice," and then playing in the "Boots at the Swan," and a variety of other characters of a similar type. His talent was so marked that Dickens and others of his friends urged him most strongly to adopt the stage as a profession. They at last persuaded him to appear at the theatre in Ipswich, about seventy miles from London, the same theatre in which David Garrick made his first appearance on the boards. Though Toole met with unprecedented success, he was sitting on his stool in the wine-merchant's office the next day. In the evening he was again amusing his friends at the Walworth Institution, the following now famous acrostic heading the play-bill:

"Jokes for the million—jesters to raise a smile,  
Laughter to chase away corroding cares,  
Trifles the passing hour to beguile;  
Offering a fund of mirth in various shares;  
On this the lecturer of to-night depends,  
Linked still with those whom, proudly, he declares  
Ever his earliest, warmest, truest friends."

But a holiday-trip to Dublin brought about an acquaintance and an engagement between Toole and the lessee of the Queen's Theatre in that city, at the very time that Robson was performing at the Theatre Royal—a very trying rivalry for a novice. The manager was in ecstasies over so great a catch; Toole's friends were delighted; and his family, with the exception of his brother, who accompanied him to Dublin, were angrily remonstrant at his exchanging the wine-business for the stage. He was, however, far more successful in his new profession than his friends had anticipated; and, after playing for eighteen months in Dublin and Edinburgh, he plucked up his courage and attacked a London audience. He made his first appearance in London at the St. James's Theatre, in October, 1854, under the manage-



ment of Mrs. Seymour, playing the character of *Samuel Pepys*, in "The King's Rival"—the joint production of Tom Taylor and Charles Reade—in which he made a decidedly favorable impression. But in the after-piece, as *Weazle, the Bailiff*, in "My Friend the Major," he made a great hit, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter. His success was unmistakable; and, in the twenty years that Mr. Toole has been playing, his popularity has increased day by day, till he is the acknowledged public favorite of the dramatic profession in Great Britain. Mr. Toole's second engagement was at the Lyceum, of which theatre Charles Dillon was then the manager, he again adding to his reputation by the way in which he played *Fanfarionde*, in "Belphegor," and other characters. It was, however, during the long series of years that he played at the Adelphi Theatre, that he so thoroughly worked his way into the hearts of the British public. As a successor of Wright, it does not detract from that actor's great reputation for drollery to say that Mr. Toole was a great improvement. The fact is, Wright did at times sacrifice propriety on the altar of fun. He could be, and sometimes was, vulgar. Mr. Toole is never vulgar. It is not in his nature. No matter how droll the situation, and how rollicking the mirth, an innate refinement prevents him from ever kicking over the traces of theatrical license. In his own house the most refined and cultivated of gentlemen, he carries himself on the stage in the same spirit, even in such broad farces as the "Spitalfields Weavers," or "Ici on parle français." But Mr. Toole is not simply a comedian. He belongs properly to the school of which the late Mr. Robson was so shining a light. Like Mr. Robson, some of his greatest successes have been made in serious drama. Mr. Toole, in "Dot," "Dearer than Life," or "Uncle Dick's Darling," calls to mind Robson's wonderful power of pathos in such pieces as "The Porter's Knot," and "Plot and Passion." Still, it is as a comedian that Mr. Toole stands so especially alone in England. With the keenest sense of humor, he is a careful observer and student of human nature. He is on the stage what Dickens was in the field of literature. He takes mental notes of any thing and anybody that can be advantageously reëmbodied on the stage. His studies are always subordinated to natural character, though in its most eccentric phases. For instance, he believes in the possibility of such a nature as *Paul Pry's*. He presents him, therefore, as a reality; as a creature whose peculiar habits are the development of natural weaknesses; whose curiosity is an absolute disease, and who has not the slightest idea what a nuisance he is to everybody. *Harry Coke*, the engineer, in "Off the Line," is another of those characters which show how closely Mr. Toole copies from the life; and what more can be said of poor old *Michael Garner*, in his garret, as he eats his starvation supper of one slice of dry bread?

Of late, Mr. Toole's professional home has been at the Gaiety Theatre, in London, where he is the established *pilce de résistance*, and where he is the favorite of every one, from

the members of the royal family downward. His *répertoire* is most extensive. There has hardly been a piece of any note produced for many years in which he has not taken part. Indeed, all the best pieces, in Mr. Toole's own line, which are written now, are written expressly for him. It would seem difficult for him, then, to attain to any higher eminence in his profession.

Mr. Toole's social position in England is one not often achieved; and yet, to his praise be it said, he is still the John Lawrence Toole of old. The intimate friend of Thackeray, Dickens, Mark Lemon, and a host of other literary stars, having an acquaintance, let alone many warm and dear friendships, with nearly every actor in the United Kingdom, beloved by the celebrities of every artistic profession, a member of some of the best clubs in London, with the Prince and Princess of Wales for his principal patrons, and members of the aristocracy only too pleased to be on his list of friends, he is still the same genial, warm-hearted, charitably-disposed gentleman that he was twenty years ago. No man has played more often for charitable objects. Few contribute so liberally to the dramatic fund. No English actor has been, privately, a more true friend to the less fortunate members of his profession. An amusing incident, which happened in this connection, will make a good conclusion to this brief sketch. One night, a few years ago, Mr. Toole played in three theatres, in different quarters of London, for the same charity. He was accompanied by Paul Bedford, who tells the story in his own autobiography. Mr. Toole had been playing the part of the *Clockmaker's Boy*, in "Janet Pride," at the Adelphi; he was to appear at Saddler's Wells as *Old Grinnidge*, in the "Green Bushes." He changed his dress in his cab while *en route*; and the cabman, who was naturally surprised to see *Old Grinnidge*, became suspicious of "foul play." "Hulloa!" he exclaimed, turning to Paul Bedford, "what have you done with the boy? This old cove didn't get in at the Adelphi. What have you done with the young 'un? I ain't easy in my mind about that there lad!" Some of the theatre people had to assure the cabman that all was right before he could be persuaded to drive away.

Mr. Toole's engagement in New York is closed; but, after a long tour in all the principal cities of the United States, he has promised to again appear in this city before returning to his own country.

"A. P."

## ZIGZAGS IN THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

### II.

FOR another Highland stroll, this time in midsummer, we (my companion of the September walk and I) decided to seek the lovely Round Pond for a longer visit, not as sportsmen or bachelors, but with tents and as patriarchs, our families with us. The idea of camp-life, and that with four children, the eldest but ten years of age, did at first startle our better-halves; but eloquence, the August

heat, and midsummer dullness, secured a verdict of "Go." On a hot morning we started at eleven in marching order. In advance, Mr. and Mrs. Gitty and two little female Grits in a two-seated wagon, drawn by a bob-tailed camel, or a camel-necked horse, a seventeen-hand of long, honest, humorous head, a Lincoln countenance, and a stiff, short, bald flag behind, memento of the trotting days fifteen years ago; one hind-leg mighty with elephantiasis, and yet this "David," this chivalrous Israelite, not "ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look on," had a genius for abiding speed, delightful on a level road, but which, persisted in over the roughness of wilds and mountains, was something most uncomfortable and dangerous to mankind and vehicle. However—there followed in a covered wagon, drawn by a pair of ponies, the Old Mustache tribe, four in number, two small females being half in number of the four.

Next a box-wagon, loaded as the tent-wagon in a circus cavalcade, a powerful farm-horse pulling it, and a worthy prince of Paddies, with an aid in the shape of Jimmy, aged fifteen (who was to be our *ranchero*, quartermaster, woodchopper, butler, Mercury, etc., etc., in camp), perched on its awkward, bulging mass of canvas, poles, feed for man and beast, boxes, kettles, demijohns, and the dozen other necessities of a camp where lovely woman and sweet childhood are to preside and reside.

At 12.15 we reached Canterbury; and a seventeen-year-old male mongrel, of city and country, approached, with the request of our brunette, Mrs. Gitty, that she should tell him "his fortune."

"Plase, mee gypsay quane." We were watering live-stock at a trough, and our baggage-master had just lighted a pipe on the top of his load. Irrate at the insulting mistake of his young countryman in thinking our Mrs. Hal Gitty to be a gypsy queen, the valiant Irishman pitched his dear and just-lighted dudden full at the idiot, and shouted, as he climbed down from his perch to make the words good—"Ba-ad luck to ye, ye ill-mannered spalpeen! Bloud'nouns, it's me that's after tellin' yer—fortun' in the troo-ugh forenest ye!"

The astounded and deluded youth disappeared in the din of our laughter, somewhat as Pantaloon in the pantomime dives through a clock at the slap of Harlequin's sword—he took himself off the scene and down the hillside in a demoralized tumble, heels-over-head.

"Good for you, John," said I, "and we owe you a pipe. I wish you could stay in camp with us and be our soldier-guard."

"Ach, bedad! an' that I do meself, your honor; an' wouldn't I foite anny man or baste as would take a la-a-dy for a gypsay—the divil floy away wid the loikes!"

Then began the ascent of Canterbury Mountain, only three miles, and a rise of eleven to twelve hundred feet, but a prodigious pull on such a rough, rutted road, with our loads, and the thermometer at 89°. It required many long breathing-spells, and we did not reach the mile of plain above until two. Now the air was fresher, and we struck a trot for about five minutes—the only

change for other gait than a walk between Canterbury and camp. There were hills about us yet on all sides—Black Rock and others on the west, the ridge of Black-Rock Mountain in the east—that mile of comparative level—and then began a descent, bending and twisting through rocks and wood for three miles more—a trial of springs, nerves, and comfort. Bog-Meadow Pond, in a long, black, stump-marked hollow, close to the track on one side, and, as we climbed again, a log-shanty tenantless on the other; a little beyond, the blackened clearing where charcoal-burners had worked. Then a rocky angle in the road, and a sudden glimpse, broad, wild, and refreshing, of Eagle Valley, and just a strip of the river in the southeast distance. At half-past three o'clock, at a point about four miles and a half due west from West Point, we turned from our road by a sudden wood-track, that no average driver would guess to be for wheels, and struggled up a steep, stony side for twenty minutes more to a comparative plain. Here, in the loveliest quiet, thirteen hundred feet above the Hudson, nestled Round Pond. We pressed on a bit farther to what was something of a natural pasture, open at the farther end of the pond. Cattle were crossing the broad field on their way—some of them belled and irregularly scattering the drowsy tinklings as they wound "slowly o'er the lea"—to the evening's milking at the farmhouse we had seen on the road, and beyond our turning up the last ascent. It was an entirely different scene, yet the whole atmosphere was redolent with expressions from the opening stanzas of Gray's "Elegy." Perhaps all calm, summer, country parting-days are so whenever the lulling sounds of cattle-bells are in the air. But it was an unexpected experience after the rugged wildness of the day's travel, and here, in the height and solitariness of the Highlands, to come on a retirement so soothing, so peaceful.

It was time to pitch tents somewhere, if we would have shelter for the night and a meal before sleeping. It was dry and level. We must halt. There was no chance to look around. The ladies and children were tired. We all were hungry. John must return home with the box-wagon, which we believed he could, and he swore he couldn't do, by moonlight. The baggage-vehicle was quickly unloaded, while the horse got a bite of oats.

"Now, John, be off; you have an empty wagon; you know the road, and you'll soon have the moon."

"Know the road?—Not me a bit! The moon?—Arrah, the moon'll never climb up here at night, at all, at all! Never may your honors lay two eyes on me again. Shure, I'll break my neck and the baste's all alone together. But, zounds! I'm the man to do as I'm bid, and no worreds about it!"

Ah, it was something rich to see the comical twinkle in the small gray eyes as he grumbled, and thumbed the tobacco in a brier-wood, with which my friend Gritty had replaced the clay-pipe thrown at the "spalpeen."

There was a terrible sinking of the female hearts as darkness shut down on us, and only a poor log-fire to show us the blackness.

There was one sick-headache, also feminine. Great anxiety and exaggerated care to keep the children from cold and dampness. But by ten the tents were comfortable and quiet, and Mr. and Mrs. Gritty, the small Grits, Mrs. Mustache, and the juvenile Mustaches, also Jimmy, the slave, slept. Old Mustache waited on guard. He would see the moon rise—would replenish the fire. The owls hooted, a fox barked, a whip-poor-will sat on a rock, where the occasional fire-glare showed him, and sang. The horses stamped and pawed, ill-suited with out-door beds. Now and then there was a splash of black bass in the pond. Sitting in the slit of a tent, I enjoyed all these in a drowsy way.

"What!"—with a start—"back again, John?"

There was a black figure standing over me. I had slept, my head drooping on my chest. The moon was gone, the fire nearly out, and I struck with fright, and very cold.

Our steed of Belial, as his great namesake of old, had come "to Bahurim" (literally, our tent-door), and I, as that "man of the family of the host of Saul, whose name was Shimei, the son of Gera, came forth, and cursed still as he came."

"And he cast stones at David"—that is, Old Mustache did—and anathematized him: "Come out, come out, thou bob-tailed brute, and thou beast of Belial! Thou art taken in thy mischief, because thou art a raw-boned nag."

Abishai, the son of Zeuriah, not appearing to address the king with a prayer to let him go over and take off my head, I chucked another piece of granite at his flank, and it must have struck him somewhere on the raw, for he retired hastily into the shades, and I deserted my post, closed the tent-flaps, rolled two blankets about me, and did as my companions were doing, but with less noise, I trust.

The next day was one of hard, steady work. We first hunted up a better place for camp, which was found in a grove south of the pond, and not much more than thirty yards from it, while we were a quarter of a mile from the wood-road. Here were shade, level, and water. A precipitous cliff of scrubby growths and mountain cedars fell off, forty yards south of us, in a descent of three or four hundred feet, discovering one of the most delicious landscapes that ever the eye of man enjoyed. Had we guessed the neighborhood of such a piece of beauty, we would never have pitched our tents where we did the night before, tired, hungry, and belated, though we were. In many experiences of tent-life, I have never known a camp-ground approaching the perfectness of this.

Imagine it for a moment. A plain, twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, in woods, clumps of bushes, bits of pasture, and a deep, fresh pond, occupying half the plain, and set in it as a well; on the north, east, and west, inclosing walls of rocks and hills, and, looking south over the sheer craggy fall of hundreds of feet, the spreading picture below that rose gradually to the soft distance in a sea of mountain-tops, the uncertain, irregular horizon seeming not to stay the sky and clouds, that crept away by many

mazy slopes. So close beneath the precipice that its near shore cannot be seen, is Long Pond, stretched out as if sleeping in its quiet, "far from resort of people that did pass."

In travel to and fro, a piece of road borders the pond for a few rods near its southern end, but its shortness and indefiniteness make the seclusion more remote. A mite of roof discovered amid the green of distant hill-sides, and what may be a disused, forgotten shed or cabin in a grass-piece by the pond-side—these, too, add to the charming retirement. There is a delicious repose in the landscape, as entrancing as the sweetest sleep. It was a peaceful, refreshing nourishment to us every day of our camp.

The purpose and limits of these pages do not permit a chronicle of our encampment's routine—its wholesome days full of activity and enjoyment, the morning baths, the picky meals, the rambles and adventures, the afternoon trolleys for black bass in the lower pond, the gypsy loungings and chattings about the fire at evening, the snorings and fancied alarms at night. All were glorious with abundance of fun and health, and no perils nor deeds to brag of save one—that only a second-rate adventure, the reader may think. However, to us it was, in the words of Mantilini, a "demp, unwholesome" adventure. We two men, after dinner one day, leaving the camp in charge of our wives and children, and guarded by our slave and sentry "Jimmy," descended with fishing-poles to Long Pond. The climb down the long, craggy wall was ever hard to muscles and wind, and this afternoon particularly so because of the extreme heat, not noticed on the high ground of the camp, but very apparent in the precipitous descent and on the level below. Fish would not rise to spoon nor fly; the air was dull and close: not a ripple stirred the water, and the heat increased. We glanced not overhead, but with fishermen's patience pursued our pleasure. Suddenly, a distant rumbling disturbed our engrossed ill-success. We looked about and above. The south sky, dense and gloomy, was veined, as we glanced at it, with dull flashes of fire. Tumbling over the mountain-ridge near by were heavy, black contortions of on-piling clouds.

"Gritty, my comrade, dost thou see what is coming? Let's put for camp;" and we put, but what a putting!—up, up that steep, rough face of rock and thicket, the air murky and stifling, every tree-load rasping at us through the oppressive quiet, waiting the storm's rage, stumbling, grumbling, the blackness of the crowding clouds making a darkness almost as night about us; the hoarse mutterings of the distant but hastening gale, the vivid flashings of the lightning, the increased louder and louder rumblings of the thunder. Then the bowing and rustling of the trees before, as it seemed, the storm reached them—bending, as it were, in fear. The blow—the onset—the bent trees, the rustling of leaves, peals of thunder, the continuous blinding flashes of lightning, the momentary lull; now the pelting sheets of rain, and all the shoutings of the onset in one din. Wet with perspiration, wet with rain, ex-

hausted, excited, we reach the bluff and pitch for the tents, that away and bend, though protected by wood and hills. No living thing without, except the terrified, bedrenched horses, crouched sterns to the driving blast, manes flying, tails between their legs. Within one tent—the driest and strongest—were our frightened wives, children, and Jimmy. We two patriarchs burst into the tent, laughing with what little breath was left us, asking:

greeting of us two drenched and amiable husbands, addressing me singly:

"Mr. Mustache"—always "dear" in serene times—"it is a pity that your fishing was disturbed!"

"Yes," I replied, very humbly and toadyingly—"yes, my dear, but how are you?"

"Hem! as well as may be expected under the circumstances."

"I am very glad," and I glanced toward our attendant, Jimmy, who was crouched in

cular and catarrhal irritation, and yet quickly allayed by energetic attention to wrapping up her little girls, who seemed to me already amply bundled. Mrs. Mustache simply looked at me, her dear little fists set firm on her hips, while there flashed, from the cloud in her face to the clod in my heart, a something so withering in the still and portentous atmosphere of the tent, that I could only gasp:

"Why, what is the matter?" and then add, *sotto voce*, to reassure myself:



LONG POND, FROM POINT LOOKOUT.

"Well, all right?"

Mrs. Gritty replied with startled sternness:

"No; very far from right!"

"Getting swampy, isn't it, Hal?" returned Mr. Gritty, pleasantly, though he probably recognized, as did I, that we had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, or rather, for simile's sake, from the pool into the puddle.

Mrs. Mustache, who was soothing the alarm of my younger child, now made her

the background—"an addition to our family?"

This innocent, meaningless remark, the mere accident of my wilted feelings, had a mysterious and distracting effect in our camp. Mr. Gritty betrayed suddenly symptoms of acute distress. His cheeks flushed and swelled, his waistband trembled, his knees smote together in strange palsy, and finally tears trickled from his snapping eyes. Mrs. Gritty was instantly seized with a paroxysm of coughing, suggesting both tuber-

"Not the night before Christmas, and all through the text  
Not a penny was stirring—not even a cent."

Then I escaped from the shelter of our Arab home. My friend Gritty followed me, and as I stood in the rain, staring distractedly at the sizzling embers of our fireplace, he mysteriously punched me in the ribs with his elbow. However, returning to canvas, we found calmer nerves there, and my dear male ally was soon voluble in describing our surprise at the pond, and how we had labored



to reach our "tent in the greenwood and home in the grove" before the storm should come upon it.

The ladies soon convinced us that they must get somewhere else to pass the night; that the tent was leaking above, the ground getting soggy below, the poles bowing, and the children sure to have croup, pneumonia, diphtheria, quinsy, rheumatism, and whooping-cough. Mr. Gritty and I exchanged glances, expressing many things, but principally submission at any cost. Yes, we must reach the farm-house, more than half a mile away, at the foot of that villainous hill.

"Well, my dear ladies," said my comrade, "prepare; wrap up as best you may; *Mus-tache* and I will get the horses."

"Wake up, Jimmy!" cried I to the lad of work. "Stir yourself now; bring along the double-harness, quick!"

The force of the storm was spent; the thunder remote, but the sky tremulous with fire; the rain had decreased to a soft shower; the wind fallen. There was only light of day enough left to show us our horses where they were fastened in a grassy opening near by, and to enable us to harness them without great delay. Nevertheless, when that was done, it was dark night, black as Egypt, had it not been for the constant flashes in the sky. When the two ladies and four children were stored away in my covered wagon, there was no room left for a driver, so friend Gritty and I took each a horse by the reins, close to the bit; and Jimmy, lantern in hand, piloted our way ahead—at first only rough, over stones, through holes, scraping trees; the horses, eager and alarmed, requiring all our care and strength. Not a sound came from our charges. But now we reached a point where the plateau fell off by a track only fit for the roughest mountain-cart in daylight, down the steepest place animals ever took a load.

"Now look out!" I whispered across the horses' noses to my friend; "we must do our level best here, or—"

"All right, old fellow; I am with you."

The ten minutes following were the most unpleasant (to put it mildly) time in all our August marooning. The wagon slipped, creaked, thumped, careened; the pole bent; the horses plunged and jerked, sometimes squatting to the push behind, and at other times sliding, their feet gathered as goats', over the wet, shelving slabs of stone in the roadway. We men, doing our best, were jerked and dragged along, only pulling, soothing, and restraining, as far as able, the toiling, willing, excited ponies. In this while, muttered exclamations and timorous squeals came from the wagon. The first were forcibly jounced out of the brave ladies, the latter were unrestrained expressions of the children's terror. However, it was done safely. An astonished and kind farm-wife welcomed our families to shelter, warmth, and cleanliness. We three males jumped into the wagon, hugely thankful and relieved, to seek again our desolate camp. It was nothing to drive back when the strain of that experience relaxed. Though we did wander some distance off the way and into a rather dangerous position, I felt brave and jolly enough to hold the reins of very couriers over the most per-

ilious track of infernal chasms and darkness. Arrived in camp again, a few logs set in a blaze, a drop or two from our flasks, our pipes full-loaded and lighted, the storm departed, what cared we for wet garments and our bereft conditions?

The zag to that camp zig came two months later, and was on foot, to photograph, principally, points of the first trip. Our number was four—Photog, my Boston comrade of some former jaunts, one who had mounted the highest peaks of the Sierras Nevada, and explored the volcanic mountains of the Sandwich Islands; he whom we have before dubbed Harvard; a young sportsman, who brought hound and gun for rabbits, and I. We would take to our legs at the river-foot of that green, wild valley-chasm which pitches from the heights of Black Rock to the Hudson level, descending from west to east, severing Storm King from Cro' Nest, and facing the bare, heavy front of Breakneck, on the opposite river-shore. On the entire Hudson course there is no more enchanting scene of sequestered, untamed charms than this: a valley-recess, a shadowed glade—

"With mountains round about environed"—

its only door-way the river, a dark, impetuous brook, tracing at times to sight the devious descent of the chasm below—intersecting trunks of cedar and moss-grown rocks, and at its foot, in the tangled foreground of trees and vines, a desolate, windowless, rickety house trying to hide from the fresh, busy river and the ever-condemning frown of Breakneck. Unintentionally I have described it before we get there, but what Hudson traveler by rail or boat has not had some dream of seclusion or story of mystery evoked by this same scene?

We took row-boat at Cornwall, with the pull of the long-limbed, knotty Gil Ward to bear us around Land's End, the river-foundations of Storm King, and scrambled on the rocks ten yards from the dilapidated house soon after noon. On the way Gil entertained us with spirited accounts of his and his brothers' celebrated deeds in boat-racing, and, in the very scene of the adventure, he detailed the experiences of himself and a telegraph-man who were sent early in March, 1873, to repair the poles and wires around the abutment of Storm King, Land's End. To reach the work it was necessary to go by boat, and Gil Ward was boatman. It was bitterly cold weather, and, as night set in, and they were on the way home, great, piled-up floes of ice, driven by a heavy flood-tide and severe wind, closed upon them just north of Land's End. It was impossible to row, and the boat was often in danger of being cut through or upset. They were fast in the grinding field of ice, and, to add to their discomfort and peril, a blinding snow-storm set in. Soon the floating mass changed its course with a new tide, and they were borne south again. Gil, with the assistance of the much-demoralized telegraph-man, now managed to get the boat up on an even spot of the ice-float, and awaited events, meantime finding brisk work in thrashing themselves to keep from freezing. At about eleven at night, Gil discovered through the driving storm the tow-

ering breast of the Storm King, back to whom the river had brought them. Gil knew that here, if anywhere, the whirl of the tide in very deep water at its base would give perhaps a piece of unfrozen surface. He was right, and by great labor the boat was pulled over and launched. Somewhere about midnight they reached firm shore-ice under the south lee of Land's End, and, again mooring their boat on the ice, they scrambled to the shore for life. The same wreck of a house at the valley's foot sheltered them, and, by cutting up floor-boards and partition-joists for a dilapidated stove in the main room, they managed to thaw out their stiffened garments, and keep themselves from freezing until morning.

We struck westward, and toiled over the roughness of the way and up the valley, until, at the head of it, we reached a table-top mount of about one thousand feet in height. Here we rested, and endeavored to photograph a view of the descending valley, the river like a narrow lake, and the fortress front of Breakneck, but our attempts were in vain with the sun on our backs, and, because of the slope, no shades, except below the range of our instrument's field, to break up the picture. On we went, to strike the road by which we had journeyed on the camping-trip, our objective point and reckoning for a night's lodging being a certain comfortable-looking house, and that the only one on the road between the north foot of Canterbury Mountain and a point one mile south of Bog-Meadow Pond. As we went by compass, map, and general theory—not by actual experience—we encountered impregnable Black-Rock Hill in the way; then, by a rough and tedious tramp, skirted the hill and came into the mire and intricacies of a swamp. Free of that by sundown, a quarter after five, we came out on the road, and cheerfully struck out for the haven where we would be. The hound had started and bayed after several rabbits, but not one had our sportsman seen, though he had tramped by divers cuts to head off the apparent directions of the dog. At six we joyfully reached the house where we had bought pie, cake, and milk, on the drive to our summer's camp, and where there were lodged at that season some boarders. Ah! here we should rest our tired bones for the night, and, in the snug kitchen, drink fresh cider and smoke with the hearty mountaineers. How delightful!—arrived at—say, for an *alias*, and to save unpleasanties hereafter—Talkfield's—sturdy, cozy Talkfield's, so hospitable of exterior, set—so it seemed now to us at its gate, leg-weary and hungry—set as a hospice in the Alps to save wanderers!

Blessed memento of St. Bernard! Rap! rap! and I let the iron knocker fall twice on the door. A pleasant young woman of seventeen opened to us. I bowed, and stated our hope of lodging for the night.

"Father and mother are not home yet."

"May we come in and warm ourselves while we await your parents?"

My comrades stood, unaltingly and with critical smiles, behind me and my politeness. The pack on Photog's back fastened the gaze of the young hostess—it seemed to alarm her. The gun and hound of our sportsman increased

the impression, perhaps, though the young man's was a face to please most girls. After some hesitation, she replied:

"Yes—I rather guess you can," and she showed us to the kitchen and its welcome stove. Here, certain of entertainment, we stored our traps in a corner, and stretched out our wet feet to dry. Fifteen minutes of this comfort, and a wagon drove up to the gate. From one kitchen-window we saw a fine, benevolently-sized-and-shaped woman descend from the wagon, whip in hand, and make her way to the door.

"Good, fellows! here is Mrs. Talkfield!"

Her daughter must have met her at the door, for we heard talking in the hall, which seemed to wax angry. The door was violently banged, and the dialogue grew angry in tone, though we could catch but a word here and there of the conversation—"impudence"—"what business had you?"—"don't keep a tavern!"

Quickly comprehending the danger of our position, that an ejection was imminent unless some gallant sortie of suavity might turn the flank of the approaching female party, I smoothed my mustache, put on a smile conceived in the very petals of mellifluence, called up an assured yet entreating grace of manner, and, hat in hand, slid from the snug kitchen to the hall of contest. As I closed the door on my possible retreat, and faced the irate landlady, I saw her innocent daughter escape from the scene into an opposite room. Imagine Sir Philip Sidney bending to the enraged royal Elizabeth.

"Mrs. Talkfield, good-evening, madam! I fear we have presumed on your hospitality."

"What, sir?—who?"

"I am Mr. Mustache, who had the pleasure of luncheon in your delightful house last summer, when on the way, with Mr. and Mrs. Gritty, Mrs. Mustache, and our respective families, to Round Pond. I—I—"

"Well, sir?"

There she stood, grand, cold, inflexible, her spectacles unflinckingly glassy, her wholesome nose and stony chin a little raised, her mouth set with a period at each corner, the whip held angled, as a musket ready to fall to the "Charge bayonets!"

"Well, sir?" and a slight sniff; "well, sir?"—three times.

"Well, yes, madam, I—we—my companions and I, very much fatigued by a hard day's tramp, took the liberty, at the polite invitation of your daughter, to warm ourselves in your kitchen, with the hope that you might be able to give us—to accommodate us with a night's lodging."

I bowed again lower, and put all deference and persuasion in movement and tone.

"I don't take boarders!"

"But, madam, surely—"

"Sir, it is impossible to have you here!"

A snorted sniff followed this sentence, every word of which was emphasized with a glance of "Get out!"

Now the fortiter in re dismissed in a flash my *suaviter in modo*, and stiffened every joint to erectness. With icy, defiant bow, and a measured, satirical "Thank you, madam!" I backed through the kitchen, and in three minutes we were reloaded with our traps and

out in the night, popping with exclamations that surely filled Mrs. Talkfield's chicken-house with most devilish poultry, if "curses come home to roost."

There we were, turned out on the mountain-road, wet, sore, tired, and hungry, darkness setting on the way, a young frost chilling the air, and the next roof three miles ahead. We took up the march, Photog sullen under his load of wrath and photographic materials, Harvard sorrowfully singing:

"There in the twilight, cold and gray,  
Lifeless and beautiful he lay;  
While from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like a fallen star—  
Excelsior!  
Updee, upida—updee, updee," etc.

—and I filled my pipe.

Our young sportsman, who was nineteen and delicate, declared that he would shoot every one in the next house before he would budge an inch beyond their door-way.

OLD MUSTACHE.

## HEARTS AND HANDS.\*

A STORY IN SIXTEEN CHAPTERS.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

... "The hearts of old gave hands;  
But our new heredity is hands, not hearts."

### CHAPTER I.

A FUTURE HOME IN ARCADIA.

"SYBIL," says Mrs. Courtenay, laying down her sewing and looking at her daughter, who is reclining at ease in a hammock which swings in the green dimness of the vine-draped end of the veranda, "should you like to go to the White Sulphur for a month?"

"Should I like to do what, mamma?" cries Sybil, lifting herself on one elbow, and dropping the novel in which a moment before she was absorbed. "Why don't you ask whether or not I should like to go to paradise? Of course I should; but we are so very—very impecunious, that there is no good in thinking of such a thing."

"Fortunately, impecuniosity does not bar one's admittance to paradise," says Mrs. Courtenay, with a laugh. "And, with regard to the White Sulphur, it may be possible to strain a point. Your father feels that change of air is necessary for him, so he is going to the mountains of Virginia, and he speaks of taking you with him."

"How good of him!" says Sybil, and if there is a slight cadence of irony in the words, there is at least no doubt of the genuine pleasure which shines in the speaker's face. "So papa has at last waked to an idea that it might be a good thing to expand my horizon a little, has he? Better late than never, I am sure; but what is the meaning of it, mamma? Is he afraid that I will marry Jack Palmer?"

"He thinks—or, at least, I suggested—that you ought to have a few social advan-

tages," Mrs. Courtenay answers, with a slight shade of rebuke in her voice. "As for Jack Palmer—he is well enough in his way; but I hoped better things for you, Sybil."

"I hoped better things for myself," says Sybil, coolly, as she falls back again into the hammock. "But what is the good of hoping? As you remark, Jack is well enough in his way—only it is a pity that it is such a very tiresome way! If I am going to the White Sulphur, however, there is no telling what may happen to me. I may meet a fairy prince—only fairy princes ride through the world in search of heiresses in these days, do they not?"

"I fancy human nature is very much the same now as ever," answers Mrs. Courtenay, glancing at the sweet red and white of the piquant face, and thinking that, be he prince or otherwise, the man will be hard to please who does not find its beauty all-satisfying.

"But are you really in earnest?" pursues Sybil, skeptically. "Is papa really going to take me with him? Such a thing is so entirely without precedent, you know, that I can't help feeling doubtful."

"I don't think there is any doubt but that he will certainly take you with him," her mother replies. "So you can prepare as fast as you please."

"I think I had better look over my wardrobe and see what I need at once," says Sybil, raising herself up again—this time to a sitting posture, and gathering in both hands a cloud of dark hair which has fallen about her shoulders. So seen, she makes a lovely picture. The close curtain of green vines, touched here and there with gold, and full of white, starry flowers, forms a background, against which the slender yet well-rounded figure shows in relief, while the face is as full of delicate but vivid color as an opening rose, with liquid, dark eyes, and joyous, sensitive lips, round which

"The baby smile that she was born with, lingers still."

A capricious, *mutine*, changeable face—a face that can be gay and tender, arch and petulant, all within the space of a minute, a face without the faintest pretensions to classical beauty, yet which nobody ever looked at once without desiring to look again, and which those who love it think the sweetest face in all the world.

"I shall need some evening-dresses, of course," proceeds the young lady, reflectively. "I suppose I cannot venture to hope for a silk. I should like a rose-colored silk of all things, but no doubt I must be content with muslin and tarlatan. *Pink* tarlatan is very becoming to me. Jack says blue is my color, but I know better. And, mamma, you'll lend me your pearls, will you not? You know you have promised that I shall have them when I am married."

"And when is that interesting event to take place?—immediately?" asks a voice that makes both Sybil and Mrs. Courtenay start and look round. Out of a window near at hand a scarlet face, a mop of damp, curly hair, and a dilapidated straw hat emerge.

"O Frank, how you startle me!" cries the girl. "Where do you come from?—and

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

what have you been doing to make your face such a color?"

"I've been chasing Billy Buttons all over the clover-lot," answers Frank. "Such a time as I had before I got a halter on him! So I came in to cool off a little, and ask if you want to go to ride. Flora is in the stable."

"Certainly I want to go to ride," answers Sybil, sliding at once to the floor.—"Mamma, we'll talk about what I need when I come back.—Frank, you must put on a decent hat if you expect to attend me."

"I have no expectations of such an honor," says Frank, with a brotherly shrug. "I forgot to mention that Palmer is here, and requested me to ask if you would not like to accompany us—I am going along, but I can ride at a discreet distance behind—across the river. We are going to look at some land that Elliston offers for sale, and, of course, Jack is naturally anxious to obtain your valuable opinion with regard to it."

"Frank," says Sybil, severely, "I often wonder if all brothers are as disagreeable as you are! If so, I cannot imagine what anybody ever wants with a brother!"

"Why, what's the matter?" demands Frank, with much apparent surprise. "What have I done now? Isn't it natural that Palmer should want your advice? We all know that your interest and his are soon to be—"

She darts at him before he can finish his sentence, boxes his ears, snatches his hat from his head, and, bearing it off in triumph, rushes away to the upper regions of the house—whence presently her voice floats down, saying: "Have Flora saddled, my dear boy, and don't be impatient: I shall be ready in five minutes."

By the time five minutes have lengthened to twenty, she comes down, arrayed in habit, hat, and gloves—as neat and dainty a figure as ever charmed the sight of man. So, at least, Jack Palmer thinks as she enters the room where he has been waiting, with what patience he could, for half an hour.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting," she says, holding out a delicate gauntleted hand to him. "But, after all, it is good for you! What an amount of the needful discipline of life you would miss if you did not know me! You ought to learn to play the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' like 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' I long ago advised Frank to do so, but he prefers to fidget in the hall, as a general rule, and make vociferous inquiries as to when I mean to be ready."

Jack laughs, and replies, in substance, that life has never given him a pleasanter duty than that of waiting for her, and so they amicably go out to the mounting-block, where a groom is holding Flora—a pretty, glossy chestnut mare, as dainty and graceful as her mistress. With a touch to her hand and another to her foot, the latter is settled in the saddle. Jack mounts his horse, and they ride down the lawn to the gate, where Frank joins them on the refractory Billy Buttons.

"Two is company, and three is none," says a homely old proverb, with which we are all acquainted, and the wisdom of which has

very likely been practically illustrated for the most of us. But, in the present instance, these three are very good company as they ride side-by-side—for Frank does not fulfill his threat of keeping at a discreet distance behind—over a pleasant, forest-shaded road, with long golden sunbeams slanting through the brown trunks of the trees and quivering on the green depths of midsummer foliage. Their gay young voices rise above the clatter of the horses' feet, and break the woodland stillness. Other sound there is none, and, this being a private road through the plantation, they meet nobody. After a while they reach a gate, which Frank opens with the handle of his whip, and they file into the dusty high-road beyond. Even the high-road is pleasant, however, as they pass at a sweeping canter along it—a canter which shows to the best possible advantage Sybil's easy, graceful seat in the saddle—with a breeze coming freshly and sweetly to meet them over the wide fields that cover the rich "river-bottom." Before long the road slopes between high, picturesque banks, with deep, arching shade, and the river itself is before them, broad, shallow, and clear as a mountain-brook.

Sybil gathers up her habit with one hand, and they ride in. The ford is excellent, and they could count the stones, if they had a mind to do so, through the limpid, quick-running water. The enjoyment of the horses is great, as they splash along, throwing the cool water liberally over themselves, and, in a measure, over their riders. In the centre of the stream they pause to drink, and the riders chatter and laugh, with the current eddying swiftly past, the broad river lying in shadow all around them, and the sunlight touching into vivid beauty the luxuriant verdure of the eastern shore. Poor Jack, unconscious of the blow which is impending over him, feels a blissful consciousness that this is the perfection of existence, and, as he looks at Sybil, can already fancy her his own possession. While he is fancying this, she meets his gaze, which is very sentimental, and laughs.

"Why do you look at me in that way?" she asks. "Are you reflecting on the vanity of the world, or on my vanity in particular? You had better look at Flora, who has no vanity, and is much prettier. See how she puts her face in the water up to her eyes!—Well, pet, have you had enough? *En avant*, then!"

Not far on the other side of the river lies the tract of land which is the objective point of the ride. Over this Jack and Frank talk learnedly, while Sybil falls into silence, and occupies herself in reflecting how many new dresses she must have for a campaign at the White Sulphur. "If I could only afford a rose-colored silk!" she is thinking, when Jack's voice rouses her—Frank has ridden off for some purpose, and they are alone on a pretty green swell of land which overlooks the river and much of the surrounding country.

Says Mr. Palmer, enthusiastically, "What a capital place for building this would be! Sybil, don't you think it is a beautiful situation for a house?"

Sybil (absently). "Yes, to be sure: very nice, indeed. Is Mr. Elliston going to build here?"

Jack (rather shortly). "Mr. Elliston offers the land for sale. I thought you knew that! I was thinking that if I bought it—that is, if I should ever need—that is—"

Sybil (coming to his assistance, with a laugh). "Oh, I see! You are thinking already of preparing a nice quiet place in which to spend the evening of your days. There is nothing like taking Time by the fore-leg, as Frank says; but I should be content to let the evening of my days provide for itself, if I could have the morning as I chose."

Jack (looking at the sweet, mischievous eyes, and uncertain whether to take her in earnest or in jest). "I'm not thinking of the evening of my days. I don't see why you should imagine so. I am not so old, am I?" (He was twenty-four his last birthday.) "But I don't think a man could ask a better place in which to spend the morning of his life than just here!"

Sybil. "I don't know about a man, of course; but I am sure a woman could ask something better, and not be very unreasonable either."

Jack (energetically). "Why, good Heavens! what more could she ask? The country is beautiful and very healthy; we could put up just such a house as you would like! Sybil—"

Sybil (arching her brows). "Who said any thing about my liking, sir? You take too much for granted. Come, let us have a gallop. Flora is pulling my arms off."

Jack (leaning over, and laying his hand on Flora's bridle). "No, don't gallop just now! You know it always shakes your hair down, and I—I want to speak to you seriously."

Sybil. "Let go my rein! I detest anybody to interfere with me like this! You are very kind to be so considerate of my hair, but, since it is none of it false, I don't care if it is shaken down, and I can't bear serious talking, as you know."

Jack (a little ruefully). "Yes, I have cause to know it. But things can't go on like this forever, Sybil. I should like some certainty of—of what you mean to do. You see all this unsettles a fellow's life, and he can't give that attention to his business that he ought to do!"

Sybil (coolly). "What unsettles his life? Really, Jack, the lucidity of your sentences is remarkable. Do you mean—steady, pet!—do you mean that I unsettle your life, and keep you from attending to your business?"

Jack (hesitatingly). "No—not exactly you. But, being in doubt about you, and uneasy as to what you mean to do, and jealous of other men—all that, you know, distracts my mind. So I thought if we could only settle matters, and you would promise to marry me soon, I could buy this land, and build a house here, with you to tell me just how you wanted every thing."

Sybil (looking impatient). "But I don't want any thing any way at all—much obliged to you! I don't see why you should talk like this, and take it for granted that I am going to marry you. I am sure I never told you so, and it—oh, it suffocates me to think of building a house and settling down to spend one's life in a kind of dull, domestic jog-trot!"

Jack (looking as honestly aghast as



man may who sees the castle of his dreams knocked ruthlessly over. "Does it? Are you in earnest, Sybil? Why, I cannot imagine any thing happier than to spend my life here with you."

Sybil (mockingly). "And your horses, and dogs, and guns—don't forget them! You will never break your heart for any woman while you have those inestimable sources of consolation left. Indeed, I have no doubt that, if I married you, you would, like the husband in 'Locksley Hall'—"

'Hold me, when your passion should have spent its novel force, Something better than your dog, a little dearer than your horse.'"

Jack (who knows nothing of "Locksley Hall," and cares less). "I could never do any thing but love you better than all the world, Sybil. As for breaking my heart, I don't know about that—hearts are tough things, I suppose—but I am sure I should feel like cutting my throat if you were to throw me over. I have never loved anybody but you in my life, and I have loved you so long—ever since you were three years old, dear—that I should have no idea how to begin putting you out of my life. If you meant to do it, Sybil, you ought to have told me so earlier."

Sybil (very much aggrieved). "That is always the way with you men! How is one to know in what manner to treat you? You are provoked if one is not civil and pleasant, and, if one is, why then you fall in love, and make yourselves disagreeable, and say that one is a flirt, and things of that kind. I have told you—at least a dozen times—that I don't care to be married, or to live in the country, either—at least, not *this* country. Marriage is, or ought to be, a change. What is the sense of it if one just steps across the river, and goes on living exactly as one has done before?"

Jack (much impressed by this view of the holy state of matrimony). "So you think it ought to be a change, do you? Well, now, it seems to me that I should like of all things to go on spending my life here where I always have spent it, in my own neighborhood, and among my own friends; but, if you think otherwise, how would Hanover County do? Father has some land there, which no doubt he would hand over to me."

Sybil (throwing back her head with a laugh). "My dear boy, if it were Hanover across the water, it *might* answer, perhaps; but, as it is, I scarcely think the change would be very great, or very exhilarating. But never mind about that just now. I have not told you yet my great piece of news. You will be so delighted with it. Tranquillity and peace may return to your distracted mind, for I—am going away."

Jack (thunderstruck). "What!"

Sybil (nodding triumphantly). "Yes. Nice, isn't it? For the first time in my life I really have an active sentiment of affection for papa. He has waked up from his scientific books long enough to see that, like the flower with which we are all acquainted, I am wasting my sweetness on the desert air, so he means to transplant me to the White Sulphur. Are you not charmed? Jack, it is very un-

kind to look as if I had invited you to my funeral."

Jack (with an unutterably lugubrious expression). "You might as well have done so, so far as I am concerned, for I can see that it is the funeral of all my hopes. Well, I am a fool, Sybil, no doubt, and you will go there and marry some rich man, who will give you all you want—change, pleasure, excitement, every thing. But he will never love you better than I do—never!"

Sybil (touched, as women will be touched, by such words). "Jack, my dear boy, I don't doubt it. I never doubted it for a moment. You care for me a thousand times more than I deserve, and I am a fickle, frivolous little wretch, who does not know her own mind two minutes! But I like you very much—very much, indeed—and sometimes I *almost* love you!"

Jack (persuasively). "Don't you think you could quite manage it?"

Sybil (with the air of one making a large and generous concession). "After a while, perhaps; there is no telling. Jessie Armfield really *disliked* her husband when she married him, and now she is very fond of him. She told me so herself. One changes, no doubt, after marriage; but still I think it might be wisest for me to see something of the world before I definitely engage myself to marry you. If you think about the matter seriously, I am sure you will agree with me."

Jack (looking as serious as could be desired). "I don't agree with you at all. I think the best thing you could do would be to engage yourself now, as definitely as possible, to marry me."

Sybil (with a laugh). "How foolish you are! Would you care for a woman to be bound to you by a promise who was not bound otherwise? Suppose I engaged myself to marry you, and then went to the White Sulphur and saw somebody I liked better (don't look so tragic—I am only supposing a case), why, then, I should either have to marry you without caring for you, or I should have to act very badly toward you, and all your friends and relations would say I was a heartless jilt!"

Jack (fiercely). "They should do nothing of the kind. I would choke the first man who said a word against you!"

Sybil. "But you could not choke the women—and they always say the most disagreeable things. However, let that pass, and take the other view of the case. Say that I went *without* being engaged to you, and saw nobody I liked better. Then think what an excellent thing it would be to be able to say, 'Jack, my dear boy, I have had experience of the world and experience of men, and I find that I like you best of all that I have seen.'"

Jack (overcome by the sweetness of the voice which utters this). "O Sybil! if I could only hope to hear you say *that*—"

Sybil (encouragingly). "Well, it is very likely that you may—as likely as not, you know. At all events, it is a good thing to hope for the best, and now—*shall* we have a gallop?"

They have turned their horses' heads homeward some time before this, and, as she speaks, are riding over a road which winds,

like a yellow ribbon, along the green bottom, now and then passing between fields of tall, rustling corn. A great freshness and stillness is in the air, and whiffs of sweet odors come to them from the dense growth of verdure along the river-side. The sun is "drawing about him the vast-skirted clouds" as he goes down to die in the already glowing west, where, after a while, will be kindled a great pomp of sunset. Jack does not demur at the last proposal, and the eager horses only need a word to set them off. They are soon dashing along at a quick gallop, which their riders do not check until they reach the river-bank, Flora, greatly to her mistress's delight, at least three lengths ahead of the other horse.

"What a capital pace she has!" says Jack, glancing admiringly at the pretty, spirited creature. "But, you see, your hair is down," he adds, looking at the flushed, lovely rider, along whose back a dusky coil of hair is rolling.

She laughs and twists it up with hasty, careless hands. "I am like Miss Pleasant Riderhood," she says. "You remember her unruly locks, don't you? If I should ever enter upon that domestic life of which we have been talking, I think I shall cut off my hair. I should not care about my looks then; and having it short is so much more convenient for riding."

"I hope you will never do any thing of the kind," answers Jack, hastily. "And since you have begun to speak of—the matter again, Sybil, let me ask you one thing: can you not engage yourself to me conditionally? It will not fetter you much—not at all, in fact—while it will be a great comfort to me."

"What do you mean by conditionally?" asks Sybil, as they ride down into the cool, clear water. The west is aflame with color now—jewel-like tints, for which art has scarcely a name—and the broad breast of the river is shining with a reflection of the glory. It seems like a magical stream into which the horses plunge, and across which they slowly wade.

"I mean this," answers Jack, "that, if you promise to marry me in case you see nobody that you like better, I shall be content—or, at least, try to be."

"Well," says Sybil, hesitating a little, but anxious to avoid giving pain, and also averse to granting her life-long slave his freedom, "that seems reasonable enough. If I see nobody whom I like better, I shall have no objection to marrying you. But, in case I *should* meet some one, you—you are sure you will not think hardly of me for throwing you over?"

"I am quite sure of it," replies Jack, smiling faintly; "it is in the bond."

"You will not tell your friends that I have flirted shamefully with you?"

"I shall tell them nothing about it. The matter does not concern them."

"And you will not worry and torment me if I finally tell you that I cannot marry you?"

The young man flushes, and a pained look comes into his honest eyes.

"Have I ever worried or tormented you," he inquires, "that you should ask me such a question?"

"No, indeed!" cries the girl, full of remorse at once. "You have always been my kind, good friend, and I will promise *certainly* all that you ask. No doubt it will come right in the end—most probably I shall go out into the world to discover my own insignificance, and that you are the only person who is at all likely to care for me in this way—so I shall come back and say 'Yes' and 'Thank you,' too, and a few years hence we shall be jogging across this very ford, a steady Darby and Joan."

"God grant it!" says the young man, devoutly; but, as he speaks, he feels that there is little ground for assured hope of any such consummation. Other eyes than his will soon gaze on that sweet, laughing face, over which the sunset glow falls softly now—and is it likely that they will fail to see that it is fair?

## SOMETIME.

SOMETIME from the waking of birds,  
From the rosy breaking of morn,  
And all the day and the night,  
Till another day is born,  
I shall know that my love is near.

Sometime by a window fair,  
That openeth to the west,  
In the light of the waning day  
I shall find the homelike rest  
That comes when my love is near.

Sometime I shall have no fears  
When I wake from my sleep at night;  
When the ghostly moon appears,  
I shall shrink not from her light—  
I shall know that my love is near.

## MISCELLANY.

### MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

#### THE TRUCKEE RIVER AND PYRAMID LAKE.

THE Truckee River is born of the pure snows of the Sierra Nevada. Had it any premonition of its fate, it would doubtless make earnest efforts to avoid it by flowing westerly to California, rather than into the sterile plains of Nevada. Obviously for the purposes of man its present course is the more desirable. The beautiful Lake Tahoe, also called Lake Bigler, with much more questionable taste, is its source, and I would fondly linger to describe it did I feel myself competent for the task. So many distinguished tourists have there preceded me, and published the record of their observations, that I feel it highly proper to keep silent. None, so far as I am aware, have bestowed more than a passing word upon the subjects of my article, and, as I spent some months beside the river, I feel a certain pleasure in offering it this tribute.

Of the first part of the Truckee's course—

of its river childhood, so to speak—I can say but little, as I did not make its acquaintance until after it had learned to run alone, near the borders of Nevada. It is, doubtless, as joyous as cascades and rapids can make it, and its banks are adorned by the noble forests and beauteous flowers of the mountains. It can barely wait to receive the reflection of their loveliness, but must hasten on to refresh the deserts of the interior. The place where I first saw it was called, in 1867, Crystal Peak, from a noble summit in the neighborhood. Perhaps some enterprising city now stands at this spot, whose name should be familiar to me, but really I cannot follow the surprising changes wrought by the Pacific Railway, and expect often to find my geography at fault. At this point the stream leaves the mountains, and bubbles a laughing farewell to the pines and snows. Henceforth its sylvan companions are the cottonwoods and willows. And here let me state that the cotton-wood has no relation to the little shrub which occasionally turns the world topsy-turvy. It is a poplar, but derives its name from the cottony-looking substance which envelops the seeds. The trees are often large and showy, and the glossy foliage offers an agreeable shade in this hot and dreary country, where arborescent growth is by no means frequent. The wood is light and soft, and, in the absence of better timber, is employed for many purposes. Its use as a fuel I hope has ceased, now that communication with the forests of the Sierra is so easy. The trees are too great ornaments to the country to allow their reckless destruction.

The willows are small and shrubby, and, together with the buffalo-berry and the wild-rose, form a dense fringe along the margin of the stream. The buffalo-berry, or *Shepherdia*, is a handsome shrub with silvery leaves, which contrast finely with the semi-transparent red berries clustering among them. These berries are quite pleasant to the taste, and are eagerly sought after by birds, as well they may be, for nothing edible besides discovers itself to the unprejudiced. The bush is now frequently seen in cultivation at the East.

At the little village of Glendale—a sweet-sounding name, which, in the lapse of years, may have yielded to one far less euphonious—the Truckee flows through broad and fertile meadows. These are planted with hay and vegetables, and yield abundantly. The native grasses appear to be mostly grown, but among them I noticed our own familiar timothy (*Phleum pratense*). This valley and that of the Carson form decidedly the richest portion of the State. The meadows are bounded by Washoe Peak, an outlying spur of the Sierra; by the Pea-vine Mountains, so named from the prevalence of lupines and vetches in the neighborhood; and by a range lying to the east, upon which is situated Virginia City, which, however, is not visible from the river. Washoe Peak is a splendid mountain in form and color, and is especially admirable when the clouds which droop over its snowy outlines are tinged with California's own golden hue.

From the meadows, the river emerges through a narrow defile formed by high hills, barren, to be sure, but often beautiful in outline and coloring. The latter is diversified by the different shades of the outcropping strata and the dark green of the Western juniper. The wild-sage, or *Artemisia*, is present here, as everywhere throughout this region, with its ashy-colored foliage and twisted stems. There are fields and rich lands still to be seen along the river-banks, all of which are occupied by thrifty settlers fighting a manful battle against aridity and weeds. Of the last, the more conspicuous are the sunflowers, which often cover whole

meadows with their yellow blossoms. Their seeds form one item in the limited and peculiar bill of fare of the Pi-ute nation. A thistle, too, is conspicuous, looking as if it were made of silver, and its flowers were brushes surcharged with scarlet pigment.

The Truckee, after flowing in a general easterly direction, suddenly bends to the northwest. At this point is now situated, I am told, the town of Wadsworth, and here the railroad strikes across a miserable desert to the Humboldt River. At the time of my visit, however, neither railroad nor village was in existence—a lone house simply serving to prophesy the future municipality. The Truckee finally enters into Pyramid Lake, a sheet of water about twenty-five miles in length, and ten or twelve in width. Opinions differ greatly as to the correct dimensions; but, after listening to many heated arguments, in which surveyors and squatters mutually lost their temper, I have decided upon the estimate above. Surely, if the inhabitants are not positive about the matter, the traveler can be pardoned for any possible mistakes. The lake contains many small, rocky islands, some of them covered with an arborescent tufa resembling coral in its appearance. These islands are the temporary home of pelicans, and other sea-fowls, which frequent them in the breeding-season. The other inhabitants are rattlesnakes and lizards, and they are plenty. One very abrupt and pyramidal island gave the name to the lake, which was discovered, and to some extent explored, by General Fremont. Near the mouth of the river the lands are good, though subject to occasional overflow, which, while it enriches the soil, is apt to jeopardize the crops. The Pi-ute Indians hold a narrow belt of land surrounding the lake, as a reservation from the government, and already the territory is looked upon with jealous eyes by the neighboring settlers. The mountains and lands removed from the water are of little value at present for agricultural purposes, owing to the absence of moisture. All this region seems capable of producing abundantly when properly irrigated.

Just before its *embouchure*, the river throws off a branch which supplies Winnemucka Lake, parallel to Pyramid, but separated from it by a ridge of highlands. Winnemucka is rarely noted except upon the more recent maps, and we naturally wonder how it could have been overlooked. From the appearance of many charts of Nevada, I am led to believe that the work was done entirely by imagination; and I recall with pleasure the quaint words of MM. Huc and Gabet, at the conclusion of their work on "Thibet and China"—"The zeal of a writer will not always suffice to describe countries in which he has never set foot. . . . it is, generally speaking, rather difficult to make discoveries in a country which one has not visited."

The fact that Winnemucka is increasing in depth, while Pyramid is said to be decreasing, seems to indicate that the former is of recent origin, and occasioned by some accidental deflection of the river from its original course. The fresh water of the river is soon deteriorated by admixture with that of the lake, which, like all similar sheets devoid of outlet, is brackish and unpleasant to the taste. Both of these lakes are well worth a visit, and are very easy of access from Wadsworth.

I advise the tourist not to undertake the navigation of the river, which, though possible, is attended by many and varied difficulties. Some friends of mine once started from the meadows to bring a *bateau* to the lake. They were borne along by the current with but little exertion on their own part, and were giving themselves up to enjoyment, unaware that the "rapids were near, and the twilight passed," when they suddenly discovered an unrecorded rock, upon which their craft was determined to land. The gallant ship did not

swamp, but deposited her crew in the waves. One put for the shore as best he might, while the other—like Ogier, the Dane—was left with the wreck and his meditations. Finding his efforts to rescue the *bateau* unavailing—

"He turned him back, and fled amain,  
With hurry and dash, to the beach again,"

leaving many valuables, upon which there was no insurance, to sink to the bottom, and perhaps bear record, at some future age, of the warlike arms and accoutrements of the nineteenth century. The navigation of the lake is equally hazardous, its fair surface becoming suddenly lashed into foam by capricious gusts from the mountains. The traveler should consult the weather-wise, nor ignore the "probabilities," before he risks a sail, and he may then live to remember kindly the wild scenes of Nevada.—W. W. Bailey.

### GUIZOT.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

ONE evening, in the year 1812, at a Legitimist gathering of the Clichy Club, Royer-Collard said, in a friendly tone, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of a young man of five-and-twenty who had just been stating his political opinions:

"As for you, my young friend, you are sure to make your mark."

"Why so?" asked the other, no doubt expecting a compliment.

"Because you have certain faults which help a man on better than the highest qualities."

The young man compressed his lips, turned pale, and inquired what those faults might be.

"A rough and unsparing logic," said Royer-Collard, "ambition spurred on by pride, and, moreover, a calm glance, a cold aspect, puritanical bearing. I tell you again, you will make your mark."

"Am I to suppose you mean this offensively?"

"By no means. Do not misunderstand me. What I say is very high praise. Would that all politicians were run in your mould! A good head-piece—a splendid head-piece—and not too much heart!"

"Sir!"

"Look you! There's Montesquieu, who will be prime-minister when Louis XVIII. mounts the throne. Well, I undertake, from this very day, to get our excellent abbé to make you his chief secretary. Your religion is no obstacle; arrangements can be made with the Catholics, and you will slip in for a portfolio some time or other. Even I—do you hear?—even I will protect you."

He to whom Royer-Collard thus spoke sixty-two years ago was no other than Guizot, then a mere humble Professor of Modern History at the Sorbonne College. Did not the political aspirant of 1812 justify in most respects, by his subsequent career, the portrait thus traced of him by Royer-Collard?

He was an icy orator, whose strongest point was a certain superb calmness, from which he never emerged even in the midst of the most stormy debates. People have not forgotten his famous remark to the Opposition on an occasion when the whole of that body were let loose against him: "Your abuse will never reach the height of my disdain."

The following anecdote, which belongs to the time of his fiercest parliamentary battles, shows us the man, however, in a totally different light:

While Minister for Foreign Affairs and president of the Council, he was seized one day, at the close of a violent sitting of the House, with some acute affection which, in

the midst of excruciating pain, deprived him of consciousness. Dr. Behier, the resident physician, was summoned with all speed. Finding the patient suffering both from syncope and paralysis, he at first deemed the case a hopeless one. He prescribed a hot bath, and the helpless body of the illustrious sufferer was lifted into it in a state of insensibility truly appalling to behold.

After a moment or so, M. Guizot opened his eyes, and, perceiving his doctor standing thunderstruck in a corner of the room, at the unexpected sight of his resurrection, said: "O doctor! how I have suffered!" Then, as if speaking to himself, he added: "Well, it is good to suffer thus!"

It was probably the first time in his life that Dr. Behier had heard such an exclamation from the lips of a patient; nor could he desist from inquiring what prompted it.

"What prompted it?" said Guizot. "Dear me, people little know what we *parvenus* of fortune feel when the chances of life throw honors in our way! My dear friend, shall I confess it to you? After spending some time under flattery's wand, one feels one's self becoming a god. Suffering reminds us hastily that we are no more than other people—that is, that we are men, weak and mortal beings, subject to illness and infirmity. It was a lesson I required, and shall profit by."

It was this same Dr. Behier who has just been attending the distinguished patient, and watching over him even until death.

M. Guizot's may truly be termed a fine destiny—one of those lives whose every triumph is bought by the effort of determined labor. His earliest friends were his own talent for declamation and Madame de Staël. When, as a young man, he paid his first visit to the authoress of "Corinne," at Ouchy, near Lausanne, she said to him, abruptly, seeing his emotion, and struck by his delivery:

"I am sure you would be excellent in tragedy. Stay with us, and play in 'Andromaque.'"

And it would really seem that M. Guizot's first success was won as a tragedian. Indeed, this talent of his for reciting outlived his earlier days. Once, while in the full blaze of parliamentary renown, Mlle. Rachel was present at a debate in which he distinguished himself. On coming out she remarked, "I should like to play tragedy with that man!"

The political career of M. Guizot can scarcely be said to belong to his biographer. The Restoration, the Paris fortification laws, the Pritchard affair, peace at any price, the Spanish marriages, the Buzençais troubles, and the beginning of the reform agitation, mark the various stages of the political path trodden by this head of the dogmatic school.

During all the years of the Second Empire, M. Guizot held aloof from politics. His health began visibly to decline from the day he discovered the loan—till then carefully hidden from him—of a sum of fifty thousand francs (ten thousand dollars gold) lent to his son, M. Guillaume Guizot, by Napoleon III. It was a hard blow to this old man of eighty-six, who had hitherto shown so bold a front to all the shocks of time. One thought alone now occupied his mind—to pay back the amount given to his son; and he did all that lay in his power to be rid of any obligation to the imperial family. But his friends saw too well that he had received a mortal wound.

It was a graceful ending, and one which redeems many an error. For a man like M. Guizot, who had made it a point of honor to remain pure from all taint of money, it may truly be called dying on the field of battle.

M. Guizot's pen-and-ink portrait has been traced often. Timon's is one of the best:

"Guizot is small and slender in figure, but has a very expressive face, a fine eye, and

a remarkable fire in his glance. His voice is full, deep, and impressive; not lending itself to the more flexible emotions, but then it is seldom turgid or dull. His whole aspect is severe, and every thing about him grave, even to his smile. He is wanting in faith, lively faith—that faith which lights up the tortuous folds of conscience and of doubt, because bearing before her her own bright torch.

"Eclecticism lays siege to him.

"As a member of the Opposition, he is looked upon as cruel; his flashing eyes, his pallid countenance, and compressed lips, make him appear like a denouncer. Guizot would impress me rather as a sectary than a terrorist: he has still more mental daring than determination of heart or hand. The profound esteem, the unutterable satisfaction, the intense admiration, he bears toward himself, occupy his whole being too fully to allow of much room for other feelings."

As a writer, M. Guizot has been too variously judged. The author of "Critical Essays on Contemporaneous Literature," M. Scherer, has been very hard upon him.

"M. Guizot," he says, "has never been a writer, or—shall we say?—he has been but the first writer who did not know French. On this point, as on so many others, he deceives himself. He has the semblance of a style, but the semblance only. He appears so sure of his pen that here again people have taken his word for it. I do not deny that he hits now and again upon a happy expression, or that he sometimes paints some striking portrait with a firm hand and a broad pencil. But, alas, what woful want of movement, of color, and of light!—and this in his very best pages."

But this verdict makes Sainte-Beuve highly indignant.

"How!" he cries, "is he no writer in the present day, and, furthermore, is he no painter, to whom we are indebted for so many ingenious portraits, so many exquisite sketches, for those likenesses of Casimir Périer, of Lafitte, of M. Thiers, of Marshal Soult, that grave Gascon, gifted with an indifference, and, as it were, with a voluntary aptitude for a kind of political polygamy; of Marshal Lobau, a plain soldier, with his blunt brevity of speech, 'as though he were in a hurry to speak no more'; of Lamartine, whom the painter presents to his mind's eye 'as a fair tree covered with blossoms, but without fruits that ripen or roots that hold'? Can any thing be more beautiful or more true in its indulgence? And all these we find without going beyond his 'Memoirs.'"

We cannot hold up his life as an example, and yet a lesson is to be drawn from it. It is that, with all his high intellect, and all the admiration which his abilities inspired, he has died without leaving behind him a single idea which has germinated, or a single doctrine which can be taught.

Several papers have given out that M. Thiers had started with the intention of assisting at the funeral of M. Guizot, and that, all of a sudden changing his mind, he had stopped short on his road. As will be seen, the following letter contradicts that invention. M. Guillaume Guizot having acquainted M. Thiers with the news of his father's death, the late president of the republic immediately wrote him the following letter, which we hasten to place before our readers:

"PARIS, September 14, 1874.

"SIR: More than any one else do I appreciate the immensity of the loss you have just sustained, and I had lived long enough with your illustrious father to know the high value of his merits.

"You are aware that, amid the difficulties of our times, I had often differed from him



in opinion; but you must also know that these dissimilarities of view had never prevented me from doing him all the justice he so well deserved, and I am convinced that, on his part, he ever did likewise by me. If I was not obliged to husband my strength, especially on the eve of so long a journey, I should have come to Val-Richer to lay my share of heart-felt homage at the coffin-foot of my old and glorious colleague. Be assured, nevertheless, that at that moment I shall be among you in spirit, filled with great and sympathizing memories, which extend to wellnigh half a century.

"Be good enough to express these my feelings to your whole family, and to accept the assurance of my highest regard.

"A. THIERS."

### THE MAJOR'S ESCAPE.

FIGHTING in the South-American republics is of such frequent occurrence that even battles of considerable magnitude are often fought that are hardly heard of in the United States or Europe.

There is, however, much of the "romance of war" connected with the continuous struggles of these troubled countries that is not uninteresting to the reader; for, though the people are in general ruthless, semi-barbarous, and fearfully cruel in their warfare, there are many records of actions that may be termed chivalrous.

The circumstance that is the subject of one of these stories is well known to the officers of the English navy who were stationed on the southeast coast of America in 1861. It has never, however, been published to the outside world, and, as it is an excellent example of how things were done in the Argentine Confederation concerning matters of war, it may not be uninteresting.

The Buenos Ayres army was advancing on Rosario under the command of Mitre, and the Argentinos, or Confederates, had gathered at Pavon, close to the Arroyo del Medio, to give him battle.

The chief of the Confederate host was General Urquiza, who was well known as a skilled commander and diplomatist, he having for many years held the post of President of the Argentine Confederation, then filled by President Durqui.

In both the armies there were many Englishmen and Americans. Among the latter was a gentleman of the name of W—, who was a major in the Argentine, or Confederate army. He was a fine soldier, and reputed, even in that country of horsemen, to be the most expert equestrian in the army.

The officers of the English squadron were well acquainted with W—, and among them he had one especial friend, who was the commanding officer of H. M. S. O—. The major used to pay frequent visits on board, as the valley where the army was stationed was only twenty miles from Rosario, where the man-of-war lay.

All at once the visits of the major ceased, and, as the English officer had become considerably attached to him, he rode out to the headquarters of Urquiza to make inquiries concerning his friend. He was told by a colonel of cavalry, in no very polite way, that W— was a traitor, and that he was in the prison at Rosario, where he would remain until he was shot. On his demanding in what way W— had proved a traitor, he was told that "he had been giving advice to the enemy as to the numerical strength, and other matters concerning the Confederate army." The colonel could give no details, and, on being asked if W— had been tried by a court-martial, he answered that they did not grant traitors the privilege of being tried by any such tribunal, but that Durqui would

sign the warrant for his execution at his convenience, which he believed would be on the morrow. The Englishman immediately turned his horse's head for Rosario, and never drew bridle until he arrived in front of the prison, where he demanded admittance.

At that time it was very easy for a naval officer to obtain entrance anywhere in Rosario, and, as Mr. M— was in command of the custom-house, where he had been landed to protect the interests of his country, and prevent pillage in the event of the defeat of Urquiza, he was personally known by the native troops, and soon obtained entrance to the cell where his friend was confined. He found the major stretched out on a long table, the only furniture that the place contained, calmly smoking paper-cigarettes, and occasionally refreshing himself from a stone bottle.

He seemed a little astonished to see the English officer, and asked him how he got in, and many other questions, finishing up, in his usual rollicking way, by asking him if he would have a cigarette and try the contents of the bottle. He declared that they were going to shoot him the next morning, and asked the Englishman if he would come over from the custom-house to see the execution, in about as free-and-easy a way as if he were extending an invitation to a cricket-match or bull-fight.

He was asked what tribunal had sentenced him, and whether he was guilty of the offense charged, to which he answered that he was perfectly innocent of collusion with the enemy; and, further, that no court had tried him, as they did not consider it necessary to order a court-martial when an officer so high in rank as the one who was complainant in the present instance made the charge. He had been accused by General Ortega, the division commander, of furnishing the enemy with information, and it was on his statement that the president had signed the warrant for his execution.

The Englishman asked W— who this Ortega was, and if he had any private animosity against him. The answer to these questions brought out the real state of affairs. The general had been his enemy for a long time, as he was the rejected suitor of a young lady of the name of Manuelita Santa Cruz, in whose eyes he (W—) had found favor, and who was to have been his bride when the war was over. This was as much as the Englishman wanted to hear, and, telling the prisoner that he would not leave a stone unturned to set him free, he shook him heartily by the hand, and started for the president's palace.

That worthy being at home, he was speedily shown into his presence; for, as we have before said, it was easy for a foreign officer at that time to gain admittance anywhere. The authorities wanted to keep on the right side, as they did not know how soon they might have to seek sanctuary on board of a British or some other foreign man-of-war.

Mr. M—, on saluting the president, who was known to him, informed his excellency that he did not come there as an officer in her majesty's service, but as a private gentleman, and the friend of Major W—, to ask for a copy of the charges against him, and feigned ignorance of the fact that he was to have no trial, by saying that in "the pending court-martial he was going to act as counsel for the major." Durqui seemed very much surprised, and said that he really did not know of the circumstance. When he equivocated in this and other ways, the Englishman pressed him so hard that, to prevent having to admit that W— had been sentenced without a trial, he said that there had been some mistake, in consequence of the busy and unsettled state of affairs, and that no copy of charges had been received official-

ly. The officer then asked the president if, as he admitted the major was wrongly detained, he would not give him an order for his discharge from durance vile; and this he finally reluctantly did.

When Mr. M— arrived again at the prison-door, after the usual ceremonies had been gone through, he requested to see the commandant, and showed him the order, over Durqui's signature, for the release of the prisoner, who took the matter in the calmest manner possible, nevertheless warmly embracing his deliverer.

He was immediately taken on board of the British war-steamer, where he was assigned the quarters of his friend, who, as we have said, was on shore-duty at the custom-house.

Manuelita, who had given way to the most intense grief on hearing of the fate that awaited her lover, was overjoyed at the news of his release, and hastened on board the British ship to mingle her joy with his. As in nearly all love-stories, old General Santa Cruz was entirely opposed to his daughter marrying W—, but his influence was used to turn her affections toward the scoundrel who had so nearly wrought her lover's death.

That evening, however, they were both united in marriage on the quarter-deck of the O— by the British captain, and every attention was paid to the refugee and his beautiful bride, who was obliged to remain on board, as she did not dare return to the paternal mansion.

On the next morning before dawn W— was on shore, and, with lance and sword, was in the saddle, and well on the way toward the camp where General Ortega was stationed. Strange to say, he met him on his way to Rosario, with no attendants but one orderly. He recognized W— long before they came together, for the pampas are entirely devoid of trees, and perfectly flat, so that any object is visible a long way off. Ortega halted, and made a movement as if he would retrace his steps to camp, which the major perceiving, spurred his horse to its utmost speed, crying, "Coward! are you going to flee when you have a soldier to help against my single hand?" The lancero at this charged against the major with lance-in-rest, but the weapon was parried with magnificent adroitness, and the soldier was hurled senseless to the ground.

W— then attacked the general, who was also a fine horseman and lancero, and excellent skill was exhibited on both sides. Indeed, for some minutes it was hard to say who would be the conqueror. At length the major rode for Ortega, parrying a well-aimed thrust, and at the same time performing the feat, well known in that part of the country, of getting one foot under that of his antagonist, and hoisting him by main strength out of his saddle.

The fact of a general carrying a lance may seem strange, but in the Argentine Confederation and the Banda Oriental, every cavalymen, whether officer or private, carries the lance, which is the weapon of *los campos*.

W—, when his adversary fell, instantly dismounted, and told him to get on his feet and defend himself with his sword, and, throwing down his lance, he drew and attacked Ortega, saying, "One of us has to die, but, liar as you are, I will give you every chance for your life." The heavy cavalry swords flew round the officers' heads, and the sparks showered from their blades until W—, by an overcut, laid open Ortega's sword-arm, and, by a dexterous feint, drew his adversary's guard to leg, while, at the same time, he brought his sword down with full swing on the head of his malignant enemy, cleaving him to the chin.

W— got safely back on board of the

British ship, and he and his bride went to Buenos Ayres on the next day, on board the French war-steamer *Entreprenons*, where he now resides and prospers.

The English officer, we are sorry to have to relate, through the malignant conduct of the assistant paymaster of his ship, had charges preferred against him by his captain, "for having, as an officer of her majesty's service, on or about the — day of —, 1861, interfered with the affairs of the Argentine Confederation, that being contrary to the queen's regulations and admiralty instructions."

In consequence of this charge, Mr. M—— was tried on board of her majesty's ship *Curaçoa*, at Montevideo, and the sentence of the court was, that he was "to be dismissed from her majesty's service."

It need not be supposed that he was alone during his trouble. W—— and his beautiful wife were on board of the English frigate during the whole time of the court-martial, and when the sentence was pronounced, they seemed more overcome than the Englishman. W—— tried to insist on his making his home with him in South America, but he would not hear of it, and went to England by the next packet, to appeal his case before the Lords of the Admiralty, who, taking a lenient view, reinstated him in the Royal Navy.—E. R. D. M.

#### NOVEL-READING.

The question, What kind of literature is most read? is often made a theme for social homilies. It may be not less profitable to put the question for once in the converse form. And to this we answer, without hesitation, that no class of books is so little read in the present age and country as novels. This seems a surprising statement, but it shall be justified. We do not say that novels are not as much taken up and looked at as other books. The thing to be settled is, What is meant by reading? Now, we do not call it reading a book to glance over two or three pages anywhere near the beginning, two or three pages anywhere near the end, and perhaps one or two in the middle. This is a process not without its uses for several purposes, which it would be needless and perhaps invidious to enumerate, but it is not reading. Again, we do not include taking up a book for ten minutes and laying it down again, and so on, at irregular intervals, for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time, till one has nibbled a way through the volume from title to colophon. This is reading every part of the book, but not reading the whole book. It is a partial substitute with which we sometimes have to put up for want of opportunity to take in the whole, but let us not fancy that it is the same thing. Neither do we allow that it is properly to be called reading when we rock ourselves, as it were, to a sweet intellectual slumber over a novel, being in the lazy mood which desires repose, rather than active enjoyment, and not grasping definite conceptions, but letting a series of pictures float before us. This is an excellent way of taking pleasure in a book which one knows already; and there are some works of fiction—notably Mr. Morris's tales in verse, which, as he himself says, live and move in an atmosphere betwixt waking and sleeping—which are more enjoyable in the mellowed and dreamy twilight of these after-meditations than in the vivid apprehension of their novelty. But such later delights presuppose a former wakeful reading; and this, perhaps, is a good æsthetic reason for the publishing season being what it is, inasmuch as a romance or poem brought out in November is about ripe for dreaming over when the summer holidays come round. However, it is plain that all this has nothing

to do with the first and true reading, except that it must come after it.

The conditions necessary for the full and sufficient enjoyment of a novel or other play-book (to use an expressive school-term, covering every book read without any purpose of instruction) are such as unhappily do not come together as often as might be wished. One or two are at once seen to be indispensable, and it is equally obvious that they are beyond control; such as being in the general frame of mind proper for novel-reading, and then finding the particular novel suited to one's particular frame of mind. But the most important is to have nothing else to do. It is impossible to give one's self up to the influence of a great writer, or to keep one's self in the attitude of sympathy and moral correspondence which he has a right to expect from his readers, if serious conflicting claims are present, or even expected. And freedom from interruption is necessary, not only for the purpose of insuring the due quality of the artistic impression at any moment, but for preserving a continuous order of all the impressions which, in the result, are to build up an harmonious ideal whole. This practically means that one ought to have a clear day at least to give to a novel, in order to read it to the best advantage; for certainly there are very few good novels which can be fairly read through at the ordinary pace of an educated reader in any shorter time. Now there is an occasion which does present itself to most persons of the literary class a certain number of times in every year, on which a novel may be read continuously through the greater part of the day with a reasonable assurance of there being nothing else to do. This is a long railway-journey, on which, barring accidents, there is generally an abundance of spare time, and also an absence of any strong outward excitement. The first condition gives the opportunity, the second favors the disposition, for novel-reading. And thus the practice of reading a novel in the train is to be not only explained, but justified. The reason for it is deeper than mere vacancy or craving for amusement. It is not simply that a traveler wants something to do; it is that he has a singularly good occasion for doing a particular thing which cannot always be done, but which, when it can be done, is exceedingly pleasant. We can recall sundry railway-journeys which would in themselves have brought no gifts but a dreary resignation to the necessities of time and space, but whose hours were so transfigured by a volume of George Sand that there are few others in our memory for which we would willingly exchange them. It is true that the doctors say reading in a train is bad for the eyes. And so it is, no doubt, beyond a certain point, just as going in a train at all may be very bad for the whole body if it is made a fixed habit. It is by this time common knowledge that a man may seriously injure his health, and even induce special forms of disease, by traveling every day up and down such a distance as that between London and Brighton. But the same amount of railway-traveling once a month will do him no harm; and we venture to think that a corresponding amount of reading in the train will leave any sound pair of eyes practically unharmed too. It is not suggested, indeed, that one should attempt to read bad print in a shabby carriage. This is one reason why we mentioned George Sand's works in particular as railway-books. French novels are printed in better and larger type than the editions of English ones produced at anything like a similar price, and the light and flexible volume in its paper cover is easily balanced in the hand and accommodated to the changes of motion so as to neutralize in part at least the alleged ill effects on the eyesight. Another advantage of a book in this form is that it is good

enough to be worth keeping (which English railway-editions generally are not), and yet not so good that one need be afraid of squeezing it into a hand-bag or a pocket in company with odds and ends. Another and a crowning merit is that it is generally in one volume, and so can be read right through in the course of a single journey, or at any rate a single excursion. Very few English novels are short enough to begin and finish with complete satisfaction in this way, at least in their own country. On the Continent the more sedate pace of railway-traveling and the more convenient shape of Tauchnitz reprints make the case somewhat different. A German (more especially a South-German) train and a Tauchnitz volume of English wit or wisdom do indeed match one another with a fitness of mutual complement which may seem fore-ordained, and whereupon a philosopher might not unjustly fall to musing on the intricate ways of the universe and the subtle manifestations of final causes.

In this attempt to arrive at the true principles of novel-reading we have adhered to a rather severely artistic way of looking at the question, which may possibly be considered impracticable; and there are certain necessary exceptions to be made. These are of two opposite kinds. For some books are too great, and many too small, to come within the description of novels as we understand the term. On the one hand, such a work as "*Les Misérables*" or "*Middlemarch*," to take two instances in extremely different styles, cannot possibly be read with the same fluency as a book which consists entirely or chiefly of story. Generally the book exists for the sake of the story; but here the relation is reversed, and the story exists for the sake of something beyond and above itself; in the one case a prose epic which exhausts the life of Paris, in the other a philosophical satire which exhausts the life of provincial England. Now, epics and philosophy are not for him who runs to read. Accordingly, many readers who come to works such as these, expecting nothing more nor less than an entertaining novel, are often disappointed and angry at finding something far greater. They open what they thought a tavern-door, and straightway they are in a temple. For our part, we think there are not yet too many of such splendid disappointments in the world.

On the other hand, there is no lack of novels to which the foregoing remarks cannot be said to apply, for the plain reason that they will not bear reading through. As to these, if they are to be read at all, it matters but little when and how they are taken up and laid down. We will not say that a novel which cannot be read through has no right to exist, for it may have considerable merit in parts. But then its claims, whatever they are, must not be made in the capacity of a novel; for a good novel is an organic whole, a work of art. The sort of novel we speak of can be treated only as a quantity of printed matter which happens to contain certain brilliant fragments. The rest might be tables of logarithms, or proverbial philosophy, or any thing else unreadable. When this is the case, odd minutes will clearly do as well as any other time for picking out whatever good there is in the mass; indeed better, since those favorable seasons whose advantages we have tried to indicate should be carefully reserved for books worthy to occupy them. It may be said, no doubt, with some justice, that there is a vicious reciprocal action in modern literature, hasty reading and careless writing giving one another mutual encouragement. But we believe care and skill always have their reward in the end; and we trust that a deeper culture will in time eradicate the slovenly habits induced in both writers and readers by the present diffusion of superficial taste.—*The Saturday Review.*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE season is at hand when those who manage the machinery of charitable organizations must be reckoning up their resources and planning their disbursements with the utmost care; for the winter is sure to bring enough of misery, and the available means are never sufficient to relieve it all. The perpetual existence of poverty and suffering in every large community, however generous the subscriptions of the wealthy, and however diligent the efforts of the benevolent, suggests the inquiry whether there may not be something wrong in the system, in any system of relieving the poor by arbitrary disbursements. The most deserving poor are always least likely to receive charitable aid, from their repugnance to making their wants known, or even to taking charity when they are known. The least deserving, and those who do not deserve at all, are always foremost in pleading their necessities, and many of them acquire great skill in acting, and exhibit a tenacity and diligence which would be more than sufficient to gain them a livelihood at some useful occupation.

The ideally perfect substitute for the whole system of public and private charity would be: 1. Permanent institutions to take care of all the sick, aged, and crippled, who have no home, and no friends able to provide for them. 2. To provide work, with fair pay, for all who want it. 3. To let all who will not work starve and freeze. They are of no use to themselves, or anybody else; and, under the present system, they absorb a large portion of the charity which belongs to the worthy class who have no work or receive inadequate pay.

Of course, it is not possible to attain this ideal state of things; but it seems to us that a long stride toward it might be made by a very simple process. Suppose that every employer (and who is not an employer?) in the city of New York should sit down to-day and reckon up how much he can afford, or expects, to give in charity during the coming year, and should then say, "I will give nothing in charity, but I will add this amount, *pro rata*, to the wages of those whom I employ." It is easy to see what would be the inevitable effect. Each class of employers would pass down the surplus money to the next lower class of employes, as wages, and therefore not derogatory to the self-respect of the recipient. The tendency would be to create work for those who were out of employment, for all would live better and consume more; and it might be pretty safely assumed that the able-bodied who still remained paupers were so by their own fault.

Fair pay for honest work is the axiomatic and only cure for undeserved poverty. And here is a point which rests largely with the ladies themselves, who are generally the man-

agers of our charities. Of what use is it for one of them to be carrying food and medicine to a poor woman in a tenement-house, if that same poor woman is spending her days and nights making garments for another lady (who, perhaps, is dispensing charity on the other side of the city) at starvation prices? Whenever you buy an article for less money than any one can make it for and live decently, some one is being defrauded; and, whatever the political economists may tell you, you have no moral right to accept the article at that price. You are not supposed to buy it unless you need it; and if you need it the person who produces it has a right to live. But have we any right to go back of the tradesman's price-list, and ask him whether he pays fairly for the production of his goods? Certainly we have. When one urges us to give him our custom on account of his low prices, we have a perfect right, considering it solely as a matter of business, to say to him: "Sir, if I trade with you, shall I really save this difference, or will the children of your employes, on account of these low prices, come to my door begging bread, and will your wife call upon me for a subscription to relieve their necessities?"

— Historical curiosity, as well as history, is constantly repeating itself. Each generation takes its turn in vainly discussing the identity of Junius and the Iron Mask, the question whether William Tell ever existed, and the respective merits of Charles I. and Cromwell, besides a hundred other puzzles which the inability or carelessness of chroniclers has left unsolved. Indeed, the period of the civil wars in England, from 1640 to 1650, and the characters who played the most conspicuous parts in it, are possessed of remarkable vitality, not only in recurring to the minds and controversies of scholars, but in engaging the lively partisanship of the ordinarily intelligent.

Less than a year ago one of the London theatres brought out an historical play, with "Ruby Nose"—as his enemies disrespectfully delighted to nickname Cromwell—as its hero; whereupon a rival house lost no time in putting upon the boards a piece in which the "gray-discrowned," Charles I., was the suitor for popular applause. All play-going London flocked to the one or the other, and the lovers of the drama were speedily divided into vehement Roundheads and Cavaliers.

The incident had the effect of creating a revival of the old-time controversies respecting the king and the protector; and every question broached instantly received double and directly opposite answers.

Did Charles offer to make Cromwell Earl of Essex and a Knight of the Garter, with a lordly pension; and did Cromwell at one time accept the dazzling bribe? Did Cromwell really yearn to be crowned king; and

was he only deterred at the last moment by Colonel Priest's threats that he would kill him, and the "saintly" Ireton's warnings that the army would not submit? Was the protector so heartless as to insult Charles's beheaded body? Did Charles solemnly pledge his royal word to Strafford that he should not be executed; and was Strafford indeed an apostate from the republicans for the sake of a title and an office, or did he never profess republicanism at all? Was Cromwell's wife the frugal and homely "dame Joan," and were all his children, excepting the austere Mrs. Bridget Ireton, royalists at heart; and did they sympathize rather with the merry exile Charles than with the husband and father in his zenith of despotic power?

To these, and numerous other mooted and never-settled queries, is to be added one which, though quite unprofitable except as a matter of sheer curiosity, has its gloomy interest. What has become of a great man's body cannot matter very much to the people in general at two centuries' distance. Whether the bones recently found hid away in a French village are those of Leonardo da Vinci or not, for instance, seems of the very smallest practical importance.

But the *Academy* has just been reviving the perplexing question what the fate was of the Protector Oliver's remains. This has been a disputed matter ever since that frightfully stormy and gusty night in September, 1658, on which the soul of the great ruler and regicide passed uneasily away. The varying accounts have sorely tried the analytical powers of the antiquarian critics; never was there more conflicting evidence in the most hotly-contested lawsuit. The version commonly received is that Oliver, immediately after death, was placed in a splendid copper-plated and double-gilded coffin, and deposited in the beautiful Gothic chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey. Such a coffin, inscribed with Oliver's name, and containing a body, was certainly found there three years later, when the eager royalists wanted the dead protector to hang on the common gallows at Tyburn, and his head to mount on a pike on the roof of Westminster Hall.

It is equally well authenticated that this body was taken, with those of the saintly Ireton and the inconceivably brutal but perhaps honest Bradshawe, and gibbeted at Tyburn, where the ill-used wife of Pepys saw them, and where they remained from the morning till sundown of January 30, 1661, the thirteenth anniversary of Charles's execution.

Here, however, uncertainty takes the place of proved history, and the chorus of the chroniclers becomes discordant. The bodies were, it is said, thrown pell-mell into the pit under Tyburn gallows: did they remain there? Some say that they did, and



that, if there is any thing left of them, there they are still. Others speak of friends of Cromwell digging him up, conveying him secretly away, and interring him in a quiet Lincolnshire church-yard, near his old home. Yet others deny that he was thrown into the pit at all, but assert that the hangman was bribed to deliver up his body, uninsulted by that last disgrace. Writers are not wanting who assert that it was not Cromwell's body which occupied the copper coffin in the abbey, and hence that it was not his body which hung between Iretton and Bradshawe on Tyburn gibbet.

Stories are confidently told of Oliver's anticipation, on his death-bed, that some such indignity would be offered to his memory in case the Stuart was restored; and that he accordingly ordered that the body of Charles I. should be put into his coffin, and his own carried off secretly and buried on the field of Naseby, "where the fight had been hottest." According to this story, it was Charles the Martyr instead of Oliver the traitor whom the royalists unconsciously disgraced posthumously at Tyburn. This was effectually exploded, however, when Charles's body was exhumed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1813, in presence of the prince regent.

Seven cities contended for the glory of having given birth to Homer: at least five localities have been credited with the melancholy hospitality of receiving the protector's remains. But whether he lies at Huntingdon, on Tyburn Hill, in Red-Lion Square, on Naseby Field, or in the great abbey, is a problem the opportunity to solve which has passed years and years ago.

— What a host of literary and social memories does the name of "Barry Cornwall" call up!—a name that has been very familiar to at least three generations of readers of his charmingly simple and winning "songs," and which has been spoken for sixty years with respect and affection by all who knew its bearer. Bryan Waller Procter, whose *nom de plume* was "Barry Cornwall," outlived his gifted daughter Adelaide, and has just died at the age of eighty-four, after a life as smooth, prosperous, and genial, as it was long drawn out.

That a school-fellow of Lord Byron should have been living but yesterday seems strange indeed; but it is perfectly true that Procter sat on the same bench with the wonderful lame boy at Harrow School. Perhaps it was Byron's after-success that induced Procter to wander into paths of poetry; and his first essays were such as to encourage further efforts. He wrote a tragedy, "Mirandola," which was successfully brought out, in the first year of the reign of George IV., at Covent Garden, on which occasion the then fast-rising Macready took the principal part.

Disliking the stilted and artificial styles of the leading dramatists of the time, he wrote

a series of dramatic sketches, "in order," as he said, "to try the effect of a more natural style than that which has for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature." "His poetical style," says an eminent critic, "seems formed on that of the Elizabethan dramatists, and some of his lyrical pieces are exquisite in sentiment and diction." On his "English Songs," indeed, rests his chief claim to literary reputation.

His career as a poet was brief, and the products of his pen were few; for he soon turned to the more engrossing occupations of his profession, the law, and it is nearly half a century since he published his last poem. Ever since, however, he has been the familiar of most of the literary lights of England.

He knew Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth; he was intimate with the Lambs and the Flaxmans; he was often seen at the houses of Rogers and Hallam; he was honored by Bulwer, Letitia Landon, and the young Disraeli; he hobnobbed with Coleridge in his old age, and with Tennyson in his rising fame. "Procter," says Crabb Robinson, "is an excellent man, whom everybody loves." This is the sentiment that comes from all the literary men and gossips who have mentioned him.

He married a daughter of Basil Montagu, who edited Bacon; so that Adelaide Procter came of excellent literary stock on both sides. Procter was one of the few men, in the eager competition for literary fame during the present century, who never roused the jealousy of brother poets, the castigations of the critics, or the sneers of cynics; but went on the even tenor of his way, practising at the bar, mingling socially with the greater and lesser gods of the literary Olympus, and now dying at a very ripe and green old age.

— It is refreshing for any one who loves the republican form of government to turn from the strife of parties and from ordinary legislation, and consider what is being done in the way of amendments to our organic law. The changes which have been already effected in the constitutions of some of the States, and those which have been proposed and remain to be acted upon in the case of other States, seemed to be inspired by purely unselfish motives, and to be based upon the broad foundation of justice. It is cheering that there still remain purity and patriotism enough to worthily improve institutions originally framed with such strict regard to the rights of man. Although it may be said that constitutions, no matter how wisely framed, cannot secure purity and justice so long as the people themselves have a low standard of morality, we are of those who believe in having the machinery of state built upon true principles, whether or not men are capable of working it in all respects up to its full capacity. A clean house has a tendency to induce neat habits in its tenants. Under a perfect form of government, all progress is pos-

sible; under an imperfect form, progress is constantly impeded.

The people of Pennsylvania have recently made for themselves a government far superior to that under which they have formerly lived. The best men of both political parties, acting purely as citizens and not as partisans, determined that severer limitations upon legislative action, more care and deliberation in the passage of laws, and greater precautions in grants to corporations, were essential to the welfare of the Commonwealth, and they brought about the new constitution.

The history of the proposed amendments to the constitution of New York, which are soon to be voted upon, shows in many ways that the desire of good government is still strong among the American people.

Governor Hoffman, in 1872, suggested that a non-partisan commission of thirty-two eminent citizens of the State should be appointed to consider and propose amendments. This suggestion was approved by the Legislature. Such a commission was appointed by a Democratic governor and confirmed by a Republican senate. Composed of equal numbers of both great political parties, the commissioners were men of learning and ability, and the draft of amendments suggested by them was signed by every one of the thirty-two members. Such of their work as was concurred in by the Senate and Assembly is before the people of that State for approval, and is to be voted upon in the form of thirteen distinct propositions, all of which, it is to be hoped, will receive the careful consideration of each citizen of that State. The most important of the proposed reforms is that in reference to special and local legislation. This amendment forbids the passing of local or private bills on any of a large class of subjects enumerated, providing that some shall be embraced within general laws, and that others shall be relegated to the control of the county legislators, the boards of supervisors. Special legislation has long been at Albany and at other capitals, not only a cause of hasty and imperfect laws, but also a fruitful source of corruption. The lobby cannot find profit without it, and this consideration alone is enough to call for the heartiest approval of this amendment.

As to all the thirteen propositions, we feel for the moment as if we would assume the rôle of the political editor; and, although we have nothing to say about parties or candidates, we may certainly request every voter in the State of New York to first read carefully and then vote conscientiously for or against each one of the constitutional amendments.

— We once knew a man who set out to write a book entitled "Pedagogues who have flogged Me." That book contained some of the liveliest recollections of his life. Time, with all-effacing sponge, had rubbed out every remembrance of the "sums" he used to labor through; his history-lessons had retreated into the dim past, until they mingled themselves with fable and tradition in unresolvable nebulae; his spelling-book had been thrown to the bats and the owls,

and he could no longer stand up against "siehl" and "sureingle;" but the impressions of his numerous floggings remained. He had classified his subject into "Deliberate Floggers," "Passionate Floggers," "Floggers for Fun," "Malicious Floggers," "Floggers with a Prologue," and "Pantomimic Floggers." He wrote rapidly, for he had a good command of language, and was never in want of facts. But, after a while, he began to grow nervous, and, before he had finished a hundred pages, he was an acute sufferer. He could feel the old welts rising again on his back in one vast smarting, tingling, throbbing net-work of rawness. Broad blisters actually came out on the palms of his hands. Several times he upset the table and spilled the ink over his manuscript by suddenly jerking up his knees, as if somebody, with a lash, had cut at his bare ankles from behind. He could never hear a step beside him without involuntarily dodging his head and protecting it with his raised elbow. The strain upon his nervous system became too great, and he was obliged to desist. That manuscript is like the window in Aladdin's tower—no mortal man can ever finish it.

But, if it were to be finished, it would not be complete without some account of a school-master in Suabia, who has just retired after teaching, or at least flogging and torturing, for fifty-one years. He would have to be put into a class by himself, entitled the "Statistical Flogger," for he kept an accurate account of all the punishments he inflicted throughout the half-century. Here are the grand totals, which he has footed up with equal pride and particularity: 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodies, 10,200 ear-boxes, 22,700 tasks, 136 tips with rule, 700 boys caused to stand on peas, 6,000 to stand on sharp-edged wood, 5,000 to wear the fool's-cap, 1,700 to hold the rod: total, 1,282,936 cases of punishment. This is an average of about one hundred a day, or more than one every five minutes. He must have thrashed the boys, on many occasions, by platoons. One can imagine him getting so absorbed in his growing census of martyrs that he would often mutter to himself on Saturday morning, running his eye down the column, and adding it, "I must flog sixty-four to-day, in order to make up an even five hundred this week!"

## Literary.

PROFESSOR HART'S book on "German Universities," recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, approaches very nearly to that most rare achievement—a perfect monograph, one that exhausts its subject by grasping precisely the points that should be treated, gives no prominence to a hobby, and does not fill its space with the record of personal observation of unimportant details.

Mr. Hart has studied the German university system not only in his own experience as a student, but with the breadth of an intelligent and unprejudiced observer. His personal recollections, as given us here, are of a sort that is really illustrative of what he has to say; his impressions of the university-life are fresh and admirably given, without being either ex-

aggerated or colored by the romance that is likely to surround old student-days; and his statistics—generally the terror of readers—are so well used, so clear, and so plain, as to give the greatest possible force to his statements.

Furthermore, the book is full of material almost entirely new in a subject of which so much has been said. Certain aspects of the German university have been presented to us till they are fairly threadbare. We have read of the duel, the *Kneipe*, the corps; but we have never had a reasonably accurate presentation of the life of the real student, of the relation between him and the professor, of the routine of university-work, of the lecture, the "coach," and the examination.

All this Mr. Hart gives us with a particularity and vividness that make it a perfect picture, and with a truth for which the writer of this sketch can vouch from personal experience. For the first time, so far as we know (and we have read with keen interest the chief books that purport to treat this subject), we have in Mr. Hart's book a true and faithful picture of German university-life viewed from the side from which a sensible observer cares to look at it. "The Romance of Student-life Abroad" is one thing; the life of the university, as an intelligent teacher or possible student desires to see it, is quite another; and one of which little that was just, connected, and clear, had been published until the issue of Mr. Hart's book.

The chapters on the lectures, the preparation for examination, and the examination itself, are models of their kind; and every word that Mr. Hart says on these and kindred subjects bears evidence of being carefully weighed and considered from a perfectly impartial point of view. The book is one to be most heartily commended; and its careful reading will lead to many modifications of the views heretofore held on a subject of which but little was really generally known.

Another capital book from the Messrs. Putnam's fall list—one as different in kind from the other as can well be imagined—is Mrs. Jane G. Austin's "Moon-Folk." Good fairy-tales—or what supersedes fairy-tales in this psychologic age—are as rare as may be, and every volume of them is something to be thankful for.

In "Moon-Folk" a little girl is taken by the chimney-elf, who has had his habitation in her father's chimney, to the moon, where she is assured that all those things she has heard of on earth in nursery-rhymes and fairy-stories are parts of the real and actual life of the inhabitants. And, sure enough, in the moon she finds the Man-in-the-Moon himself, who tells her all about his coming down too soon to inquire the way to Norwich; she discovers the man from the south exhorting his mouth with porridge that is absolutely rigid with cold; she visits the Old Woman in the Shoe, who is not so bad as she is painted; sees the old woman tossed in a blanket on her cobweb-sweeping quest; and her of Banbury, much be-ringed and be-belled; she visits the house that Jack built, and sees the host of that much-persecuted mansion; has interviews with the redoubtable little man who is engaged in mending the wheelbarrow in which he endeavored to bring home his wife; also the man whose unaccountable folly (falsely called wisdom) led him to deprive himself of vision by the memorable leap into the bramble-bush, and afterward to recover it in the truly homeopathic manner by applying the rule *similia similibus curantur*; furthermore, she sees Cinderella, and Aladdin, and

the innumerable heroes of the Arabian Nights, each one doing his storied feats as though they were (as indeed they are in the moon) the every-day business of his life. The book is excellent, and will make glad many little people whose latest worthy addition to this kind of literature had been "Alice in Wonder-Land" and "Through the Looking-Glass."

The London *Athenaeum* has begun a series of papers on the public libraries of London, from which we hope to quote from time to time; for, not only are the treasures of these libraries unknown to general readers, but to many skilled bibliographers, who will consider the space any thing but wasted, which we give to brief notices of such collections. The library with which the first paper is occupied is that of Sion College—the very name of which is unfamiliar to American ears. "In the heart of the city of London," says the *Athenaeum's* writer, "in the parish of St. Alphage, and in the street called London Wall, directly facing the sole remnant of that old Roman circumvallation, stands Sion College, a Protestant ecclesiastical foundation and almshouse of the seventeenth century. Only very little of the building is seen from the street. Opposite to it, as we said, are the remains of the old Roman wall, with a patch of ground in front of the same, and railed off from the street, once part of a burying-ground, but now gay with evergreens and flowers, very nicely kept, we presume at the expense of the parish. You enter Sion College through a small wicket, and pass along a low brick building into a tolerably capacious court-yard. . . .

"The library is a long, narrow building, extending for about one hundred and twenty feet, and approached by a staircase of a very few steps from the ground-floor. Underneath it were formerly situated the almshouses; but in 1845 it was judiciously resolved that the latter should be removed, for fear of the chances of a fire. The library is now warmed by warm-air pipes, and made as fire-proof as is possible by modern scientific arrangements. Alas, however, what building is absolutely fire-proof? Is even the British Museum itself? We tremble as we write the words. Before speaking of the rarities, however, let us mention that the library of Sion College contains altogether between sixty and seventy thousand volumes. The majority of these, as might be expected, are of the class 'religion.' There are Bibles in various languages, writings of the Fathers, scholastic divinity both of Thomists and Scotists, writings of the Casuists, histories of the Church and controversial theology, a complete set of the old 'Acta Sanctorum,' and another of the modern reprint. On canon and civil law there are several works. History, both general and special, is well represented, and so is biography. There is a goodly collection of grammars and dictionaries, besides other philological works; and the same is the case in the department of belles-lettres, including poetry and the drama."

Then come the 'Rarities;' a wonderful list, surely, to be hidden away in such a place. "Among the MSS. is a 'York Breviary,' very fine, of which a particular description appeared in the *Ecclesiologist* for October, 1855. There is also a beautiful Latin Bible of the thirteenth or early part of the fourteenth century. Among the printed books there are no less than six Caxtons, four of which were among the books presented by Lord Berkeley, viz., the 'Pylgrimage of the Soul,' 'Fayt of Armes,' 'Tullius,' and the 'Prouffitable Boke for Mennes Soule.' There is also a copy of the

'Recuyell of the History of Troy,' and a 'Boccius,' which was presented to the library, in 1644, by Henry Holland, citizen and bookseller. On the fly-leaf is the following inscription: 'This book is for the antiquitie of the Printing worth 6 sol. et f. denar.' An extravagant price truly—six and fourpence for a Caxton! But possibly the old bookseller could not get his money for it, and so he gave it away. Of Wynkyn de Worde we noticed the 'Bartholomæus,' the 'Polychronicon,' the 'Nova Legenda,' 1518, the 'Pylgrimage of Perfeccon,' the 'Orcharde of Syon,' the 'Golden Legend,' and the 'Remors of Conseyence.'

"Next let us mention a collection of six rare pieces, five of them in verse and one in prose, all published in the year 1594, the gift of Thomas James, likewise citizen and bookseller, grandson of Thomas James, first librarian of the Bodleian. These pieces were originally bound in one volume, but the volume has been taken to pieces, and each article is now separately bound. It is almost a pity that the old tome was not left in its original state, for surely such a collection was never brought together. Perhaps, however, the binding was in a bad state, and the separate volumes are still ranged side by side on the same shelf. We called the pieces *rare*, but let us amend the phrase, and say that they are among the *rarest* in our literature. The list is as follows: Shakespeare's 'Lucrece,' Barnefeld's 'Affectionate Shepheard,' Drayton's 'Shepheard's Garland,' 'Lamentation of Troy for the death of Hector' [by J. O.], 'An Ould-fashioned Love,' by J. T. gent., all in verse; and 'Questions of profitable and pleasant concernings' [by O. B.], in prose. Some of these pieces, we believe, are not to be found in the great library of the British Museum. We wonder at how many shillings and pence Mr. James set them down in his catalogue? But to proceed. The following are also among the rarities which we saw and handled: A second folio Shakespeare, 1632; Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647; John Gower's Works, 1554; Lydgate's 'Falls of Princes,' 1554; Gascoigne's Works, 1587; 'Albion's England,' by Warner, 1612; Fletcher's 'Purple Island,' 1633; Daniel's 'Poetical Works,' 1633; Lily's 'Euphuës,' 1633; Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure,' 1566; 'Great Britain's Troy,' by Heywood, 1609; Fairfax's 'Tasso,' 1600; Herrick's 'Poems,' 1649; Davidson's 'Poetical Rhapsodie,' 1611; Taylor, the Water-Poet, his 'Works,' 1630; 'Purchas his Pilgrimage,' 1635-'36; early editions of Dryden and Pope; Pope's 'Homer,' 1717; and 'Robinson Crusoe,' 1719."

The best modern example of the complete disappearance of a book is perhaps afforded by "The Shadows of the Clouds," a volume of short stories, James Anthony Froude's first work, published in 1847. It is not only out of print, but out of every public library in London, including the British Museum! How it was spirited away from that would be an interesting question for detectives. It has been advertised for in London, with no response. Every public library and every antique bookstore in this city and Boston have been searched in vain. One dealer in rare books in this city has two dozen standing orders for it, but has never been able to fill a single one. It is said that Mr. Froude spent nearly all he possessed in calling in the first edition, and suppressing the book. What could have been his motive it would be interesting to know. We believe it was not this book, but rather his "Nemesis of Faith," which cost him his Fel-

lowship at Oxford, though both were condemned by the university authorities. The "Nemesis of Faith" is now out of print, but copies remain in the public libraries.

Every one is glad to see a new book by Mrs. Oliphant—prolific writer as she is—and this very fact makes criticism unnecessary, except such criticism as compares the last book with its predecessors. "A Rose in June," recently published by Messrs. Osgood & Co., bears this comparison fairly, but not with any distinguished success. While it contains all the delicacy of quiet drawing, for which Mrs. Oliphant is so worthily known, it seems to us to be somewhat wanting in life and motive—to drag a little, especially at the beginning. We are sorry to see Mrs. Oliphant yielding to the prevailing rage for titles of the order to which "A Rose in June" belongs. But we live in hope that the custom of designating a book by a quotation, a proverb, or a snatch of anything that comes into the writer's memory, will die of the reaction it is sure ultimately to produce.

Messrs. Porter & Coates publish a volume of biographies by Mr. McEuen, under the title of "Celebrities." They include Cardinal Richelieu, St. Evremont, and Ninon de l'Enclos, Adrienne Le Couvreur, and many more. Several of them were originally published in the *JOURNAL*, and are already known to our readers, and nearly all of them have appeared in different magazines. Without giving any new facts of moment, they are most readable *résumés*, and make an addition of no little value to the library of an every-day reader.

The *Saturday Review* does not approve of the Vice-President's book on the "Rise and Progress of the Slave-Power in America." "His work," it says, "makes a demand upon the patience of his readers which few, we apprehend, will be willing to accord. The second volume, which now lies before us, begins with the admission into the Union of the two States of Iowa and Florida, in March, 1845, and it ends with the election of Mr. Lincoln, in 1860. It thus comprises the history of little more than fifteen years and a half—and the history be it remembered, not of the country, but of a single question—yet it contains no fewer than seven hundred and four large octavo pages. It is true, indeed, that these fifteen and a half years immediately preceded the Civil War, and the controversies then raised made the war necessary. But, as merely preparatory to the war, the subjugation of the South, the emancipation of the negroes, and the reconstruction of the conquered States, the expenditure of space is surely inordinate. Nor does the treatment of the subject compensate for the long-windedness of the narrative. The work, or at any rate the earlier part of it, originally appeared in a New-York religious weekly paper, and its style is such as a knowledge of this fact would lead us to expect. But, in truth, Mr. Wilson has few of the qualifications of an historian. His partisanship is the least of his faults. To do him justice, he does not affect impartiality. And, being thus put upon our guard, we should have little cause for complaint if he made the past live over again as he sees it himself. But, though Mr. Wilson is possessed of considerable ability—being a self-made man, who has raised himself from a humble station to the vice-presidency of the United States—he has the ability of an effective stamp-ordinator, not of a scholar and historian. He overloads his pages with dry and lifeless summaries of congressional debates, but he fails to call up before the mind a living picture of the events he records, or of the men who occupied a conspicuous position with regard to them; and he scarcely attempts to portray the real working of slavery or the actual condition of the South. References to the lash and the manacle, the slave-pen, and the auction-mart, we have, of course, in superabundance. But, of the every-day life which lay beyond

them, there is nothing. And even these, tempting themes though they may be for the pen of an old abolitionist, are not painted. In a word, the book is an overgrown and heavy pamphlet, full of declamation and spiritless narrative."

De Gubernatis writes as follows in his Florence letter to the *Athenæum* concerning a matter connected with education in Italy: "The publication at Milan of a book as important from its contents as it is unpretentious in appearance, has been a cause of congratulation to Italians. There is at Milan an upper school for girls, managed by the municipality. The teacher of Italian in this school is M. Giovanni Eizzl. His method of instruction has proved so good that, out of the *Temi di composizioni* given in by the pupils in the course of three years, a volume was made up, which gained a gold medal at the Vienna Exhibition. The volume is now on sale. It contains essays by some thirty Lombard girls, from twelve to eighteen years of age, each of which has a character and style of its own. It is evident that the young ladies have been taught, not only to write, but also to think and observe. When one finds thirty young girls in a school able to write with such grace, vivacity, and ease, one may entertain good hopes of the future of the education of our women. It is impossible to resist the charm of this volume, and much of the merit is due to the ability of the master. Could it be translated and introduced into your schools, I do not think that our young girls need fear the criticism of their learned English sisters."

The *Athenæum* announces that the first volume of the "History of Coöperation in England," by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, is now ready for the press. It will be dedicated to Mr. Wendell Phillips, of America. The first volume includes the "Pioneer Period," from 1812 to 1844, and also comprises the "History of the Literature and Advocates of Coöperation." The second volume, which will follow later, will comprise the "Constructive Period of Coöperation." We may mention that the United Congress Board, the official representatives of the organized coöperative societies of England, including several hundred associations of working-men, have sent an invitation, through their general secretary, Mr. Vansittart Neale, to Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, United States, to visit England, and be their guest at their Seventh General Congress, to be held in London, 1875.

Mr. Charles Swain, the Manchester poet, died at his residence, near Manchester, England, September 21st. He was seventy-two years of age. For some years Mr. Swain has been in indifferent health. He will probably be remembered chiefly for "The Mind, and other Poems," published in 1831, subsequently to which he published several volumes of poems, which attracted considerable attention.

The *Athenæum* learns that Mr. W. Black, the author of "A Princess of Thule," will shortly publish a number of short tales, under the title of "The Maid of Killeena, and other Stories." The chief story, giving the title, is Hebridean, and deals with the life of the fisher-people.

## Fine Arts.

### The Montpensier Collection.

#### SECOND PAPER.

THERE are very few Americans, we surmise, whose taste has been formed exclusively by modern paintings, who will find any thing to admire in one of really the most powerful and interesting works in the Montpensier Collection. This picture is the "Madonna with the Dead Christ in her Arms." To a culture trained to admire Gérôme and Meissonnier, Holman Hunt, and their schools, it seems totally crude in color and nearly absurd in conception, and, by the eyes of flesh alone, its sweet and sorrowful interest is totally overlooked. We remember the first



time we saw the awkward, almost grotesquely ill-drawn face of the Virgin, by Cimabue, in the National Gallery, in London, and how we turned unmoved away from a figure that really expressed in its motionless lines the sorrow of the world; the divine sympathy of a soul fit to belong to the mother of the Saviour. The queer-drawn mouth, the flat, wide face, and a vacancy of color, or texture, or ostentatious light and shade, made us turn from this picture. But, after seeing the gorgeous canvases of Venice, the various paintings of the Vatican and the Louvre, again the same face was before us in a chapel of that most wonderful, most beautiful, and most unique Lombard church that forms part of the old monastery of St. Francis of Assisi—a church whose walls resembled a grotto that has “suffered a sea change into something rich and strange.” Seated in this lonely chapel, and visited only by occasional priests, Mr. Ruskin was endeavoring, with a religious zeal, to transfer the faded but living lineaments of this same Madonna to his own canvas; and it was through his opera-glass in a dim, afternoon light that we again recognized, in a fresco high up on the ceiling, this same sorrowful face of the mother of God. In London it had been blank to us; but now, by a ladder of dozens of picture-galleries, we had come where we could really see it. The picture of the “Madonna with the Dead Christ” is another work of the same sort, painted by Morales, who was more a painter of the pre-Raphaelite time than of the century in which he lived. The lines in his picture are hard, the colors were always bad, or time has made them so, and the composition is as destitute of artistic effects as the drawing on a slate by a child eight years old. Nevertheless, the painting is full of interest, and the limp, dead form, wasted by sorrow and privation, and the worn face, are more simply and genuinely in harmony with the idea of the crucified Christ than the pompous rendering of anatomical effect in one of the chief paintings of the same subject in the French Academy Exposition this year, albeit it was by Bonnat, really one of the best of the modern painters in France.

The face, too, of the Madonna is full of real grief, and the yearning of a mother for her dead child is mingled in it with a sense of more than earthly consolation.

The painted shadows in the picture nevertheless are impossible greens; the flesh, more like the body of a jointed doll, is extraordinarily streaked, and pink, and blue, and yellow; but, notwithstanding these defects, the picture speaks really to the heart, and, remembering it, these imperfect details fade away from the memory, and the good lives after them.

As an addition to the Montpensier Collection of pictures, the gentlemen connected with this art exhibition in Boston have borrowed several other paintings from private individuals, and in some cases they form by no means an inferior portion of the entire collection. Foremost among these works is a very large cartoon in black and white by Kaulbach—“The Era of the Reformation.” This picture, we think, is the largest work by the artist that has ever been brought to America, and is a very good specimen of his style. Kaulbach has made such an impression on his own time, and his works have influenced so strongly a great many artists, that it is of the first importance Americans should have the opportunity of examining what he has done, and, whether it is to admire or condemn, should see for themselves what place he occupies in art. His photographed pictures are very wide-

ly known here, and his “Battle of the Huns,” “Faust,” and “Marguerite,” and many others, are found in nearly every picture-shop, and in many private dwellings. We confess for ourselves that his works seem to us forced and artificial, and to be weak where they make the greatest pretense to be strong; namely, the show of anatomy is really based on extraordinary developments of muscle, which yet belong to stilted forms in impossible poses; and his apparently elaborate compositions are, in reality, little more than confused jumbles of figures, from which any unity of general arrangement of light and shade or combination of artistic lines is excluded. Kaulbach has very little æsthetic sense, we think, but he has wonderful fertility of invention and facility of drawing, though this latter is never of the best. The picture of “The Era of the Reformation” is, nevertheless, attractive to a great many people, and multitudes who pass over the Murillo or the Velasquez, as stupid, pause to study out, from the puzzling crowd of faces that are visible on this canvas, the heads of Shakespeare and Milton, Dürer and Raphael, Columbus or Bacon. It is a great concourse of all the foremost men of that remarkable period, and the time covers the several centuries whose development of thought preceded and led to the split in the Romish Church. We cannot say that artistically we consider the exhibition of such works as Kaulbach’s of any special advantage to the tastes of Americans, but, for the place he occupies in the history and gradual decline or elevation of artistic skill, it is, of course, of great interest to have works like his known practically, and not from hearsay.

## Music and the Drama.

THE opening of Mr. Wallack’s regular fall and winter season on Tuesday evening, October 8th, was made the occasion of introducing to the American public a favorite English actor, Mr. H. G. Montagu, in one of Byron’s comedies, also fresh to our stage, “Partners for Life.” A large audience did not fail to display their gladness by the most cheerful and hearty greetings, which almost had the warmth of personal friendship, at again meeting the fine company of artists who cater to the public taste at this enjoyable place of amusement. Among the familiar faces that reappeared were those of the veteran John Gilbert, Harry Beckett, J. B. Polk, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis, Mme. Ponisi, and Miss Goldthwaite.

The new play, “Partners for Life,” is full of clever streaks, but lacks symmetry, consistency, and naturalness. Mr. Byron has written several very bright and effective plays, but in the present one falls far short of rising to his own true level. The plot is but slight, turning on the action of a lawyer running away from his wife because she had proved to be rich instead of poor. This specimen of high-minded Quixotism is one which will find but little sympathy in average human nature, and the play-goer feels himself startled from the outset. The motives of action on the part of the principal characters are kept in the dark till the very last, and the unsatisfactory effort on the part of the audience to solve a puzzle finally results in the knowledge that the mystery is nothing at all. This elaborate attempt to deceive the audience (for it can be called little else) costs more than it amounts to, and neither play-writer nor play-goer is the gainer by it. The most prominent character in the

piece is that of *Muggles*, a butler, who by his mastery over his employer’s secrets exercises a kind of terrorism over the household, and indulges in such familiarities as in any well-regulated household would cause him to be ignominiously kicked out. Designed by the author as the main vehicle for the display of comic humor in the story, *Muggles* so far falls short of exciting the sense of humor, that the involuntary impulse is that of pure disgust and dislike. The character is so utterly disagreeable that the ripe and vigorous power of Mr. Harry Beckett, who of all our younger comedians has the most rich and unctuous humor, utterly failed to establish a point of sympathy with the audience. Mr. Beckett’s delineation was faithful and forceful, perhaps too much so for the best pleasure of the public. Of course, the main interest of the comedy was in the introduction of Mr. H. G. Montagu. The impression he made, though in a character by no means the best suited to convey his distinguishing excellences, was a very satisfactory one. This actor comes to us with the reputation of being the most perfect exponent on the boards of the gentleman of modern society. In other words, to be at his best, he must be in front of an evening-coat and behind a white necktie. In the more vigorously-colored portraits of the gay gallants of the older comedy—such, for instance, as *Charles Surface* in the “School for Scandal”—Mr. Montagu has never been conspicuous, except as a failure. In the highly-bred gentleman of the present epoch, especially as illustrated in English society, there is but one voice in ascribing to Mr. Montagu the very first rank as an actor.

We have had occasion before to animadvert on the difficulty of playing the rôle of the gentleman on the stage. Little defects in the laugh, the walk, the mode of carrying the hands, etc., though not noticeable in personations where passion and energy give the main interest, come to light with startling significance when the basis of a character is found in simplicity, repose, and high breeding. In a word, not doing is as important as doing. It is such a combination of positive and negative qualities of style which has given Mr. Montagu his reputation. The rôle of *Tom Gilroy*, in “Partners for Life,” while it does not allow the best sphere for the expression of such abilities, at least suffices to give us a good inkling of what this actor could do in better parts. In several of the characters in Mr. Robertson’s comedies we can imagine Mr. Montagu to be superb, and we trust that he will have an opportunity to display himself in them.

Mr. John Gilbert and Mr. Polk received the usual expressions of esteem for their performance, and Misses Lewis and Goldthwaite were finished and painstaking.

The proposed series of symphony-concerts to be given by the Thomas Orchestra at Steinway Hall, like its predecessors, can hardly fail to be one of the most important factors in the enjoyment of musical people during the winter. It is almost supererogatory to refer to Mr. Thomas’s musical work at this late day. Probably there is no one in America to whom the public are so largely indebted for their highest culture and appreciation of music. A remarkable career, since he commenced to execute his great task, shows no present sign of lassitude or content to rest on the laurels of the past. A still higher ambition than any involved in his past enterprises is distinctly foreshadowed in a variety of ways, and, if rumor is not to be discredited, Mr. Thomas has the ultimate purpose of raising operatic perform-

ance to its best estate. Such things are as yet in the womb of the future, and we can only now allude to the present.

The summer-night concerts of this orchestra introduced us not only to the old favorite classical music, but to a great variety of compositions by musical writers of the newer schools. The programmes of the symphony series will include not only these, but other new works, which will be heard under their most favorable conditions. The orchestra will be augmented, as occasion may require, to a hundred musicians, and in the interpretation of some of the grander works the public may expect an unexampled feast of musical delights. It is the intention, we believe, to give the "Ninth Symphony" of Beethoven and several of the great choral and instrumental works of Schumann. Mr. Thomas's *répertoire* embraces the noblest works in the history of music, and we may look for a season far superior to its predecessors.

A new feature of the symphony series will be the public rehearsal on the day preceding the concert. This will enable many, who otherwise could not attend, to hear the best music to which the New-York public is ever invited. The desirability of at least two successive hearings of many great works is also made practicable for the many amateurs and connoisseurs who go to concerts, not merely to have their ears tickled, but for purposes of study and analysis. Mr. Thomas has earned the thanks of the lovers of music by this fresh evidence of appreciation of the public wants.

The return of the management of the *opéra-bouffe* to "La Fille de Madame Angot," after the comparatively vapid and frivolous novelties to which they considered they were committed by their reputation for enterprise, was a refreshing piece of good sense. The crowded audiences that followed the change has taught the lesson that it is not necessary to have a purulent and disgusting plot to attract American audiences. "La Princesse de Trébizonde," though free from moral objection, was not pronounced a light and weak opera, a sad falling-off from Offenbach's earlier compositions. In Lecocq's opera we have an interesting and not immoral (at least, in a comparative sense) story, plenty of opportunity for effective acting, and the most beautiful music put into *opéra-bouffe* since the "Grande-duchess" and "Geneviève." In short, it may be pronounced the best work extant in this style of music. Its immense run in London and Paris (not yet over in the latter city) shows how strong a hold it has taken on public admiration abroad. There can be but little doubt that, had this opera inaugurated the season at the Lyceum Theatre, it would have held the boards during the eight weeks of the New-York engagement.

The new tenor, M. Kollets, from the "Parisiens," is an artist of fine *physique*, a good actor, but a very faulty and limited singer. It is not necessary, however, to say that clever vocalism is not the first requisite in the *opéra-bouffe* tenor. Mdlles. Aimée and Minelly displayed their excellences in their relative *roles* in this opera, perhaps, more effectively than in any in which they have been seen.

A strange phenomenon is to be seen and heard every night at the Wallhalla Volkstheater, according to the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*: "Mr. Heywood, an American, twenty-five years of age, *sings* *soprano*. As he called upon me with reference to singing-lessons, what I state is founded on *personal observation*. Mr. Heywood does not do what we have frequently heard done by comic actors—in former days, by Kirchner, who took off Catalani, and

afterward by Carl Treumann and Albin Swoboda—namely, give a burlesque imitation of a woman's voice, which (especially after a time) sounds forced and painful; nor is he a castrato; his speaking voice is that of a strong tenor. The remarkable feature of the case lies simply in a fact of which I never before knew an instance—his boy's soprano has never broken and changed to a man's voice (his tenor notes are hoarse and flat); it has remained a flexible, strong, and agreeable soprano, ranging without effort from B-flat below the staff to B above it. What I myself sing in falsetto sounds an octave lower than when he sings it after me. Mr. Heywood's peculiar gift has, of course, been turned to account during the last seven years in America, where he has sung very successfully, in costume, *Leomore* ("Il Trovatore"), and even the principal female part in "La Grande-duchess." He has only just been able to get free of his engagements, and, by the advice of musicians, has now come over to Germany for the purpose of learning thoroughly something about music and singing. He possesses an excellent ear, and masters all technical details with great ease, so that, if his voice lasts, he may become a really 'excellent prima donna' (*eine wahrhaft 'tückliche Sängerin'*)."

Victor Séjour, a dramatist well known in Paris, died recently, and was buried a couple of days afterward in Père-la-Chaise, attended to his grave by the troop of sudden friends whom custom summons to every French funeral. Séjour was successful in his youth, and he filled in his middle age. If he is to be remembered, it will be by one sensational drama, "Le Fils de la Nuit," and one spectacular drama, "La Prise de Pékin." His later works were crowded off the stage by Offenbach's music, and by dances of women dressed as fishes and birds, for he catered for the theatres which these things have invaded, and not for the Français, the Gymnase, or the Vaudeville. He lived at last poor and neglected, and had to die in order that the *feuilletonistes* might recollect that he had existed.

According to Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the operas which now draw the most numerous audiences to the Royal Opera-House, in Berlin, are "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," provided Herr Niemann sustains the part of the heroine in each. Herr Gumbert does not tell us what operas take the place of the two mentioned when Herr Niemann does not appear as the protagonist. He tells us, however, that "Don Juan" and "Le Nozze" are now played to any thing but crowded houses.

The Society of Authors and Composers, in France, has published its report for 1873-'74. The returns show a sum of 462,552 francs, 17 centimes, thus divided: Café-concerts, 248,544 francs, 55 centimes; musical societies, etc., 83,141 francs, 24 centimes; traveling theatres, circuses, etc., 57,701 francs, 46 centimes; balls, 73,164 francs, 92 centimes. Despite many efforts, the society has not yet been able to obtain the recognition of authors' rights in Russia.

A lady of the name of Fröhlich lately sold three unpublished compositions by Schubert, at Vienna, and handed over the proceeds to the committee of the monument to be erected to him at Baden, near that capital. The compositions consist of two psalms for female voice, and a serenade for contralto. They were composed at the request of Madame Fröhlich. The words are by Grillparzer.

The production of Verdi's "Mass," at the Opéra Comique, Paris, has procured for the manager the cross of the Order of Sts.-Maurice and Lazarus, while M. L. Escudier has been promoted from the rank of Knight to that of Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

## Science and Invention.

AS we long ago predicted, in relation to the possibilities of the sand-blast process, we now learn that it is made to render service akin to that of the now familiar photo-lithograph, albert-type, and other methods of light engraving. In a paper read before the British

Association at Belfast, its author, Mr. Newton, stated that, if the sand-blast be applied to a cake of resin, on which a picture has been produced by photography in gelatine, or drawn by hand in oil or gum, the bare parts of the surface may be cut away to any desired depth. The lines thus left in relief will be well supported, their base being broader than their top, and there being no under-cutting, as is apt to occur in etchings on metal with acid. An electrotype from this matrix may be made, and this used on the ordinary printer's press, thus securing a printed copy of the original photograph. In the course of his experiments, Mr. Newton discovered that small shot or fine grains of iron could be substituted for the sand with favorable results, cutting granite more rapidly—owing, doubtless, to the fact that these particles are not broken by the shock, hence the full effect of the blow is felt by the opposing surface. With regard to the general construction of the machine, we are informed that sand, driven by an air-blast of the pressure of four inches of water, descends with sufficient force to remove the surface of glass in ten seconds. Photographic copies in bichromated gelatine have thus been faithfully reproduced on glass. Where these pictures are taken from Nature, the lights and shades produce films of gelatine of various thickness, upon the surface of which a well-regulated blast will act with more or less effect, thus producing half-tones or gradations of light and shade upon the glass itself. While delicate manipulators are applying this force for such purposes as the above, it is proposed by certain quarry-men to use it in the boring of blast-holes and cutting of suitable rock-channels. And all this and far more still is due to the observing genius who first noted upon the window-panes of a Cape-May cottage scratches and abrasions made by the wind-blown sand, and who, having detected Nature at her work, stole her secret, and secured for it letters-patent, and with them, it is to be hoped, such a fortune as his genius and enterprise justly merit.

The accuracy needed in the observance of celestial phenomena is attested in no more decided manner than by the fact that, in noting the time at which a star passes the meridian, due allowance must be made for the personal equation of the observer. This personal equation may be defined as the time which elapses between the passage of the star over a given line and the observer's record of the same. At the last meeting of the American Association, Mr. William Rogers, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, exhibited and explained the uses of a machine designed to determine the personal equation of the observer. From a condensed report of the proceedings we learn that, in the discussion which followed this paper, Professor Hilgard mentioned that, among the observers employed by the bureau of the Coast Survey, there was one who always anticipated the moment at which a star crossed the wire—that is, his recognition of the event took place before the event itself. The personal equation, as it is called, is usually manifested the other way. But he thought that the personal equation not only differed among different persons, but with the same observer at different hours of the day. He would suggest that the personal equation should be observed at recurring periods in the twenty-four hours before determining it. Professor Rogers said his own personal equation was very small—five hundredths of a second. He knew a lady, a very good observer, who did not recognize the passage of a star till thirty-two hundredths of a



second after its occurrence. Professor Hili-gard said that two skilled observers at Green-wich differed four tenths of a second. Pro-fessor Hough said the personal equation could not be correctly ascertained by observations on machines. It is larger, he thinks, in the observation of celestial than terrestrial ob-jects. In respect to the latter, cases were more frequent of people recording an event in advance of its occurrence. The tests of ob-servations on the artificial transit of Venus and the "black-drop" phenomenon bore no relation to the peculiarity of personal equation.

An appendix to a recent report on "Paper-Making as conducted in Western Massachu-setts" contains a list of one hundred and twelve materials for making paper, and from all of which a fair quality of paper has been pro-duced. The significance of these facts be-comes the more apparent when it is remem-bered that the uses of paper are increasing very rapidly, it being substituted for both wood and metal in several departments of manufacture. Paper vessels for the holding of water are now of very general use; then we have paper boats, billiard-balls, car-wheels, and even houses are built entirely of it, as in the instance of a paper church upon the Con-tinent. From the list to which we have re-ferred we select the following rare and odd materials: asparagus, beet-root, cabbage-stumps, frog-spittle, hop-vines, hornets'-nests, lily of the valley, leather-cuttings, mummy-cloth, saw-dust, thistles, and willow-twigs. Regarding the use of frog-spittle, the report states that, during the year 1800, P. De Labigarre, of Upper Red Hook, New York, brought a bag of frog-spittle to the paper-mill at Catskill, which was made into a poor kind of paper. The experiment, however, was re-garded of sufficient importance to merit the name of "a great discovery." As an instance illustrating the perfection to which the manu-facture of paper has attained, it is stated that, in 1860, a sheet of paper was exhibited in Eng-land which was four miles long, six feet three inches wide, and weighed but one hundred and ninety pounds. It was manufactured in twelve hours. In addition to the statistical information on this subject as given in the JOURNAL of the 3d inst., we learn that, of the 1,800,000,000 pounds of paper yearly produced in all parts of the civilized world, 200,000,000 pounds are consumed by government offices, 180,000,000 pounds by schools, 240,000,000 in commerce, 180,000,000 pounds in industrial manufactures, 100,000,000 in private corre-spondence, and 900,000,000 pounds in printing.

The application of the electric current as a signal-agent upon our railways gives promise of the most favorable results. Already the system of block-signals has been adopted upon several of the leading trunk roads, by which means the approach of trains to stations is an-nounced by the ringing of an alarm-bell. The misplacement of a switch being a fruitful cause of accident, the attention of practical electricians has naturally been directed toward the subject, with a view to utilizing the electric current in warning the approaching train as to danger from this source. It will plainly appear that, when a switch is misplaced, the engineers should be warned in time to stop before the point of danger is reached; and, moreover, the charac-ter of the signal should be so decided that either by night or day it may be readily under-stood. In order to compass this result, the signal should be one of sound, rather than sight, and it should proceed from the immediate vi-cinity of the engineer, rather than from a sta-

tionary point by the road-side. An invention that comprehends all these requirements in a simple and efficient manner has lately been tested upon several French railways, with the most favorable results. When the switch is in its proper position, any readjustment of it causes an electric current to pass down the track along a wire which, at the proper dis-tance, terminates in a copper disk. When the approaching engine passes over this disk, a metal brush placed between the wheels trans-fers the current to the engine-whistle, which begins sounding, thus giving immediate and unmistakable warning to the engineer, who has then ample time to stop the train before the switch is reached. As the action of the current is dependent upon the change of position in the switch, it is evident that the device is one worthy of general adoption, and of a more ex-tended application.

George M. Mobray, the manufacturer who furnished all the nitro-glycerine at the Hoosac Tunnel, has recently published a pamphlet on "Tri-nitro-glycerine at the Hoosac Tunnel," in which appears the following statement, which will be found of equal interest to both engineers and physiologists. After defending his pet explosive from unjust charges, as to its dangerous qualities, he cautions the workman as follows: "The blaster, not aware that he is a walking charge of electricity, proceeds to his work, inserting cartridge after cartridge of nitro-glycerine, until he comes to the last, which is armed with the electric fuse. The moment his hand touches one of the electric wires, the current passes through the priming, and explosion follows. Let a blaster, before he handles these wires, invariably grasp some metal in moistened contact with the earth, or place both his hands against the moist walls of the tunnel." Were the authority less de-cided, we should be inclined to question the value of this advice; as it is, however, it ap-pears to suggest a question of more than usual interest.

The government has no more capable and energetic servants than those who are engaged under Professor Hayden and Major Powell in the Western surveys. Prominent, if not fore-most, among these, stands Professor Gardner, who has charge of the triangulation-work of the Hayden Expedition, having just completed the check base-line in San-Luis Park. This line is five and one-half miles long, and was measured twice, the measurements agreeing within two and one-half inches. From a brief report of these later movements, we learn that "during a period of eight days the party as-cended six peaks, three of which are each four-teen thousand feet high, while the others are thirteen thousand feet. Professor Gardner and his party spent one night on the very top of Pike's Peak, and nearly had their feet and hands frozen. They are now at work in the San-Juan country, where they will remain until cold weather drives them in."

Mr. I. Lothan Bell, the distinguished Eng-lish metallurgist and manufacturer, is visiting the iron mines and mills of this country. Hav-ing expressed his intention of attending the next meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the council of the Institute have deferred announcing the time and place of meeting, in order to meet the convenience of this distinguished guest. "It is to be hoped," says the official organ of the Institute, "that our members, so many of whom are themselves iron-manufacturers, will come in force to the meeting, to welcome one who has

done more than any living scientist to throw light upon the metallurgy of iron, and whose investigations are of scarcely less value to our own than to his country."

The usual method for manufacturing parch-ment-paper, by immersion in dilute sulphuric acid, is an operation requiring extreme deli-cacy of manipulation. A German chemist an-nounces the discovery of a less hazardous pro-cess, by which the same result may be obtained and a paper impervious to moisture secured. The sheets of paper to be acted upon are im-mersed in an ammoniacal solution of copper and then carefully dried. The paper thus ob-tained is said to be so thoroughly water-proof as not to lose its consistency even after con-tinued boiling. The ammoniacal solution is made by treating plates of copper with a con-centrated solution of sal-ammoniac while ex-posed to the atmosphere.

## Contemporary Sayings.

THE London *Examiner*, in a recent article upon "Lord Ripon and Freemasonry," says of the Grand-Master of England: "His sole duties, as distinguished from any ordinary master-mason, or even apprentice, are to dress himself in various gorgeous regalia, and sit on a throne. Thus placed, he has, *pro dignitate officii*, to go through certain very ludicrous litanies, as little edifying and fully as tedious as the ritual recently prescribed for the pilgrims to Pontigny. And yet, contemptible as the whole thing is, it is no light matter to be ac-quired. Indeed, the amount of time and trouble, and positive physical exertion, which a man must spend upon masonry to qualify himself for the post of Grand-Master of England, would be sufficient to enable him to make himself a thorough waltzer, a perfect master of battalion drill, and an accom-plished player at lawn-tennis, to get by heart 'The Ingoldeby Legends' and Tupper's 'Pro-verbial Philosophy,' and to post himself beyond even the possibility of error in the forms of the House of Commons, the rules of evidence at Nisi Prius, and the table of precedence in Burke's 'Peerage.'"

The judgments of the quarterlies are supposed to be sober and well considered, but it is hard to be obliged to accept the following from the *North American* as a true picture of the working of our government: "No parliamentary body within the limits of civilization is less trusted and respected by the nation at large than the American Congress by the American people. From no national legislature is less expected; the best hope of the people is to be spared, not served; to escape without injury, and be no worse off at the close of a session than at its opening. It is thought a piece of luck, and it is not often that any thing like a consenting voice of the people declares them to have been even in that degree lucky. So in the several States; very commonly, the meeting of legislative bodies is looked to with apprehension, while a sigh of relief is breathed when they ad-journ. In no other civilized land is official char-acter rated lower; in none is the political class more distinctly out of credit."

"It was never wise," says the *Rural Sun*, "and it has long since ceased to be witty, to laugh at what is known as the woman's movement. It is true that in America a few mannish women have done much, by their ill-timed, noisy, and indecent clamor, to bring the movement into disrepute. Such females only represent the froth and scum, the unclean element that rides upon the move-ment. Underneath, giving life and power to the movement, are elements that demand serious and thoughtful consideration at the hands of all who thoroughly respect what is pure and noble in wom-an, or who would rightly understand the social status of the times."

"There are men," says a prominent female or-ator, referring to the frailty of our national and State officials, "so utterly narrow-minded, so want-ing in moral vertebra and grand human nature,



that they are never greatly tempted. Satan, with discriminating acumen, seeks higher prey than these. They are all too flimsy, weak, and crude for his purposes, but, upon the men of moral breadth, of depths of human pity, of height of divine abiding, some prince of the sons of the earth, whom God has chosen for some great epoch in our history, the whole artillery of hell is brought to bear." This is a very charitable view, of course, to take of the lapses of the "princes of the sons of earth," but a slight sprinkling of men "that are never greatly tempted" in places of trust would not be bad just for a change.

A committee of the Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities in New York have been examining into the causes of the increase of pauperism. "One result of the inquiry," says the *Albany Journal*, "would seem to be a demonstration of the necessity of some system of compulsory education in the State. A great majority of the paupers account for their present pitiable position by stating that they were brought up in ignorance; that they never received so much as a common-school education; never were taught to read or write. In the absence of the resources which depend on knowledge and training, they went naturally into bad courses, whose end was the ruin of all self-reliance and independence."

"Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, the extraordinary woman who has invented the extraordinary garment," all in one piece, from the neck to the toes," proposes," says the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, "to call the article a 'chemlin,' and she denounces another person who wants to designate it as a 'chemloun.' The latter undoubtedly is not a beautiful name, but it seems to us to be quite as good as the former. Why not call the garment a 'Swisshelm,' or a 'Jane G.,' in honor of the inventor? This is a matter which Mrs. Swisshelm can settle in any way that pleases her, as there is an imminent probability that she will be the only woman in America who will ever wear the garment."

Speaking of the recent contest at Creedmoor, the *Nation* says: "One of the most pleasing things about this match, when we consider that it was international, was that it did not break up in confusion amid loud accusations of fraud on both sides and threats of violence from the spectators, followed for the succeeding week by letters to the newspapers proving that the targets used by the two sides were not the same size; that the ground was not measured fairly; that the score was not correctly kept; and that the sights of the rifles had been tampered with."

The New-Orleans *Christian Advocate* is also flooded with obituaries. Hereafter they must be graduated in length, according to the age of the deceased: "We sometimes receive lengthy ones of infants. Our rule in such cases is to insert only a brief notice of names and dates, and rarely nothing more. Sometimes obituaries of youths and adults are largely interspersed with poetry from the hymn-book and other sources. The poetry is usually expunged."

The Boston Radical Club is defunct. "Long life," says the *Tribune*, "could not have been reasonably expected. At birth there was nothing substantial about it, and it never took any solid or nourishing food. It was very dreamy at all times, but never exhibited much common-sense. It passed away quietly—so softly, indeed, that only its near friends knew of its departure. Nothing so ethereal was ever seen before, even in Boston; and we shall never look upon its like again."

The London *Spectator* is of the opinion that "the war of the secession did indeed make 'a new nation,' but it was north of the lakes, and not south of the line of Mason and Dixon. Within a few years the Canadian will be as distinct an American type as the Yankee or the Mexican—perhaps not the least attractive, accomplished and trustworthy type of the three."

"Some very fine penmen," says a religious journal, "can put the creed inside of a sixpence. Some very fine Christians can put their creed inside of a five-cent piece!"

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

OCTOBER 1.—Letter of John Kelly, replying to the charges contained in Mayor Havemeyer's letter, is published in the New-York papers. The Grand Hotel at Saratoga destroyed by fire. Loss \$365,000.

OCTOBER 2.—Explosion of four tons of gunpowder in a barge on Regent's Canal, London. Houses and bridges shattered, and five persons killed.

A dispatch from Rio de Janeiro states that an insurrection has broken out at Buenos Ayres in consequence of the alleged fraudulent conduct of the late presidential election. General Mitre is at the head of the insurgents.

The South Carolina Independent Republicans meet at Charleston.

Large fire at Greenpoint, N. Y. Factories and tenements burned. Five hundred men thrown out of employment.

OCTOBER 3.—A dispatch from Belgrade announces that a conspiracy for the overthrow of the reigning dynasty of Servia has been discovered. Many arrests have been made, and arms have been seized. Ex-Prince Karageorgewich is believed to be the prime instigator of the movement.

The insurrection in the Argentine States continues, and is becoming formidable. The fleet has been declared for General Mitre, the leader of the movement. The insurgent forces have assembled at Chivilcoy and San Martin.

The government at Buenos Ayres is taking vigorous measures to meet the storm. The Chambers are in permanent session; the National Guard has been mobilized; a state of siege has been proclaimed in the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, Entre Rios, Arrecifes, and Corrientes.

The newspapers at Buenos Ayres have suspended publication.

The King of Italy has issued a decree dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, and ordered new elections to be held on the 8th and 15th of November.

Advices from the north of Spain report that several Carlist leaders have abandoned the cause on account of disagreement with Don Carlos's Minister of War.

OCTOBER 4.—Count von Arnim arrested at his estate at Nassenheid on the charge of embezzling important state papers. His house is searched, and he is taken to Berlin.

In New York a herd of Texan steers run through the streets and knock down and gore many people. Several persons wounded by pistol-shots of the policemen, who erect barricades to oppose the progress of the cattle.

OCTOBER 5.—The first Annual Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, preliminary to the regular Convention of Conference of the same body, meets in the city of New York.

The Danish Parliament convenes at Copenhagen.

The second Annual Convention of the Chief-Engineers of the Fire Departments of the various cities of the Union meets at the Mercantile Library Hall at St. Louis, Mo.

Spanish advices state that a mutiny has broken out in the Carlist camp at Durango, and that Don Carlos was wounded by one of the mutineers.

In official quarters it is stated that Don Carlos's wound is serious, the ball having penetrated the stomach.

A Carlist force, three thousand strong, have attacked the town of Vich, in Catalonia, and met with a decided repulse, suffering a heavy loss in killed and wounded.

General Garibaldi has issued a manifesto requesting the electors to hasten to the polls at the coming elections for the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and vote for those now in prison for political offenses.

A London dispatch states that the members of the Von Arnim family have petitioned the emperor for the release of Count von Arnim. On the ground that his health is bad, and that confinement is dangerous.

OCTOBER 6.—Election for member of Parliament at Northampton, England. A mob of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters attack the hotel of Mr. Fowler, the Liberal candidate. The riot-act read, and the military called out.

A Paris dispatch states that the returns from eighty departments show that thirteen hundred members of the Councils-Generals have been elected, of whom five hundred and ninety are Republicans, five hundred and fifty Monarchists, and one hundred and thirty avowed Bonapartists.

New elections will be required in thirty districts, of which twenty are expected to elect Republican candidates.

OCTOBER 7.—Massachusetts Republican State Convention held at Worcester. Hon. Thomas Talbot nominated for governor, and Hon. Horatio G. Knight for lieutenant-governor.

The excitement in Northampton (England) continues to-day, and the authorities have been in hourly fear of a renewal of the riot. The streets were crowded all day with people. The constables—a large special force having been sworn in—patrol the city, and two batteries of artillery have arrived.

Heavy ball has been offered for Count von Arnim, but refused.

South-American dispatches state that the Argentine Bank has closed its doors.

A body of government troops at Buenos Ayres made an attempt to capture the British steamship Yerba, but the captain of the vessel protested, and the troops desisted from carrying out their intention. The vanguard of the rebel force, under the command of Ribas, is at the gates of the capital. All mail-matter passing through the Buenos-Ayres Post-Office is examined. The government has asked Congress for a grant of two million dollars, to meet the expenses of the war. There has been a slight engagement outside of the city. It ended with the retreat of the government troops.

## Notices.

### WHAT ARE ENGLISH CHANNEL

SHOES? Sewed shoes have the seam that unites the sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the sole. Americans cut this channel from the edge of the sole, and the thin lip turns up in wearing. The English channel, which *never turns up*, is cut from the surface, leaving a dark line when closed. As it cannot be cut in thin, poor leather, it indicates a good article.

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